

# The Sketch

No. 777.—Vol. LX.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1907.

SIXPENCE.

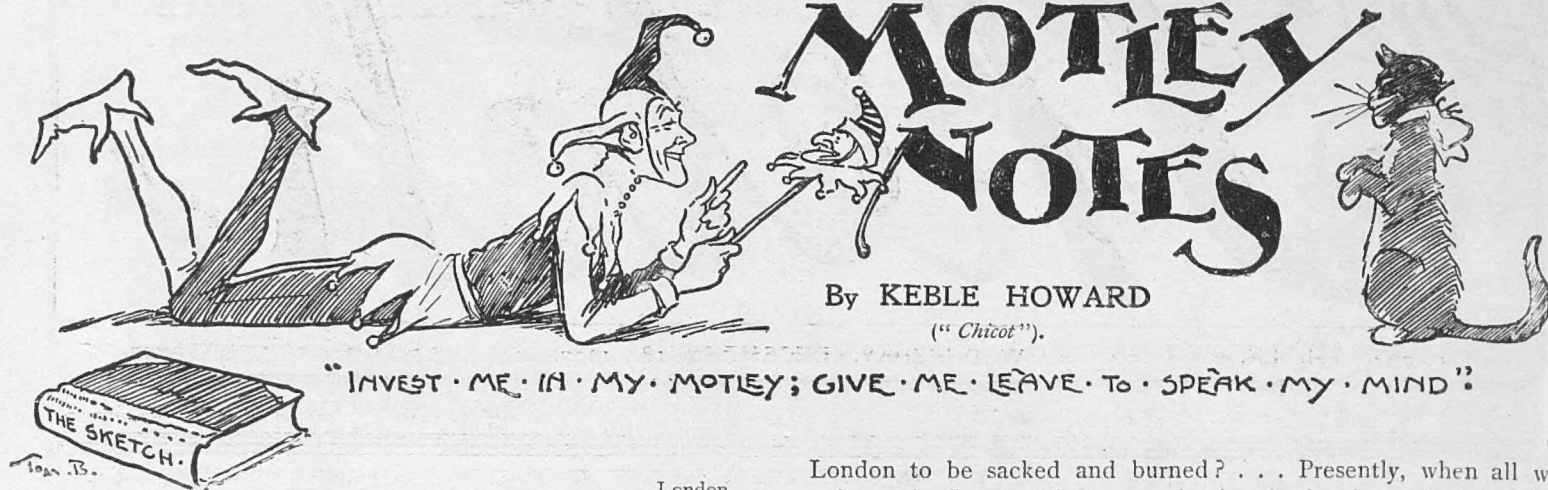


EDNA REDIVIVA: ILLUSTRATING THE REMARKABLE RESEMBLANCE BETWEEN MISS MARGARET MAY  
AND HER SISTER MISS EDNA MAY.

Miss Margaret May is the younger sister of Miss Edna May (now Mrs. Oscar Lewisohn). Her other sister is Miss Jane May. Miss Margaret May, who is now at school in Switzerland, is said to be stage-struck, but it is not yet certain whether she will follow the example of her sisters and become an actress.

*Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.*





"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND ·"

#### Merely by Way of Contrast.

I propose to indulge to-day in the luxury of pessimism. It will be fake pessimism, I fear, because, to be strictly honest with you, I feel as optimistic as ever. My health is good, I have almost enough money to carry me over Christmas, and my unfailingly cheerful housekeeper has just brought me in some tea. None the less, I shall be as sour as I can to-day, in order that my notes next week on the subject of Christmas may benefit by the contrast. The majority of professional people, always excepting those who deal in the arts, do not fully understand, I think, the value of contrast. Your doctor is everlastingly hopeful, your solicitor everlastingly solicitous, and your parson everlastingly blameless. If they would but vary the treatment a little—if the doctor would but heave an occasional sigh; if the solicitor would but declare, proudly, that he had been neglecting your interests for a month past; if the parson would but betray some trifling human weakness—how swiftly would they rise in our esteem, and how much more affectionately we should regard them! Acting on the same principle, therefore, I hope to complain with considerable bitterness about London and Londoners, about the habit of early rising, about tall hats, and about an inoffensive typist.

#### Bludgeoning a Typist.

Let me begin with the inoffensive typist. I do not know her personally. I have no idea of her age, nor as to whether she is tall or short, plain or beautiful. Indeed, I may say that I was entirely ignorant of her existence until she wrote to me as follows: "I write to you on the chance of obtaining a commission for typewriting. I am prepared to do all kinds of typewriting, accurately and intelligently, including novels, scientific and technical works. All work is carefully checked before being dispatched, and special care is given to punctuation. The highest class of work can be relied upon. References to well-known authors and specimens of work will be gladly forwarded. If you can favour me with a trial commission, I should greatly appreciate it." Now, from the mention of scientific and technical works, it is obvious that the form of the letter is stereotyped. The applicant had nothing to add, therefore, but my name and address. She makes a point, you will observe, of being accurate and intelligent, and all work is carefully checked before being dispatched. And yet I find my first name, both on the envelope and in the letter, spelt "Keeble" (a very common and a very ugly mistake), and the name of the publishers to whom the letter was sent also spelt incorrectly on the envelope. So much for the first grizzle.

#### The Novelist in London.

Now for London, considered as the ideal home of the poor novelist. It was about five-forty-five on a certain afternoon of last week. I was engrossed in one of the opening chapters of a new novel. In imagination, I was in the very heart of pastoral Warwickshire. I could hear the whirr of the hay-cutting machines, and see the roses on the wall of an old farmhouse. I had four of my principal characters on the stage, and I was labouring to define their personalities in such a way that the reader might get to know and understand them without being bored in the process. All was going splendidly, when suddenly there came from the street below the roar of men's voices. I hurried across to the window. Down Northumberland Avenue, pell-mell, helter-skelter, rushed a number of men. There were policemen on foot and policemen on horseback. At the corner of the street, beneath the windows of the Hotel Metropole, three mounted policemen endeavoured to stop the rush by riding their horses on to the pavement. I wondered what in the world it all meant. Was it a riot of the unemployed? Was

London to be sacked and burned? . . . Presently, when all was quiet again, I returned to my work; but the farmhouse had vanished, the hay-cutting machines were stilled, and my little people would not answer to my call. O, ye students and your Battersea dog!

#### The London Loafer.

There is one sight, above all others, that delights the eye and gladdens the heart of the London loafer. One sight, of course, for which he has nothing to pay; I mean the demolition of a building. He will stand for hour after hour, hands in pockets, pipe in mouth, and head well back, watching half-a-dozen men pick the wall from under them and throw it to the ground. If you took a typical London loafer and insisted on his working, he would choose, I am sure, to be a "housebreaker." The building up of a house interests him not at all. He takes no joy in progress and construction. It is destruction that he loves, and if an occasional housebreaker would but lose his balance and topple head-first on to the pavement the loafer would drop in at the nearest beer-house, after the corpse had been removed to the hospital, and congratulate himself on his exceptional luck in a glass of muddy beer.

#### A Chilly Humourist.

I wish sensible people would not encourage this idiotic craze for early rising. I see that my friend Pett Ridge—whom may the gods preserve, despite the pessimistic note!—is the latest offender. He has been saying that the man who works in the morning gets into a veritable perspiration of self-complacency—or words to that effect. Personally, I refuse to work in the morning during the winter months. In the summer it is well enough, but in the winter the proper place to spend the earlier hours of the day is bed. It is all this preposterous early rising that makes men and women grow old before their time. In winter, everybody hates going to bed who has a fire to sit by and a pipe to smoke or a novel to read; and everybody hates getting up whilst the day is still raw and cold. Then why not, in the name of reason, sit up later and rise later? Instead of opening your office at nine and closing it at six, why not open it at eleven and close it at eight? Instead of opening your theatres at eight and closing them at eleven, why not adopt the new system, opening them at ten and closing them at one? I implore Mr. Ridge not to write any more about the virtues of morning work—at any rate, in the winter. If I were a leader-writer on an evening paper, I should be very cross with him.

#### Down with the Tall Hat.

One more growl and I shall allow my natural optimism to resume its sway. I see from a daily newspaper that there is a conspiracy among hatters—who are not *all* mad—to make the tall-hat even taller. "For two or three years," says one of them, in reply to an interviewer, "there has been no decided change in the shape of the top-hat, and it seems about time there was some alteration." This is all very well for the hatters, but I, for one, refuse to be made even more ridiculous in my appearance for the sake of the hatters. In the days of the old-fashioned farce the top-hat had to be preserved for the sake of the leading comedians. But now that they have discovered other ways of getting laughs, the top-hat, it seems to me, might as well go the way of the crinoline. After that we might get rid of umbrellas, which should never be permitted on crowded pavements. Any person wishing to carry an opened umbrella should be compelled to walk in the roadway. The only thing that can compete with an opened umbrella with any hope of success is a motor-bus. But the umbrella will stay as long as the top-hat stays, and we must concentrate, therefore, on the top-hat. Women like them, unfortunately, and that is why men wear them. Will no woman join me in my crusade?



# THE SHOW - GIRL CARICATURED : VULGARITY STAGED.



MISS FLORENCE LLOYD AS BLANCHE MACYNTYRE, THE FLAMBOYANT SHOW - GIRL  
IN "THE EDUCATION OF ELIZABETH."

Miss Florence Lloyd plays a blatant, vulgar, but good-hearted show-girl in "The Education of Elizabeth," and plays her to perfection. She has, indeed, made quite a "hit" in the part, and we show her here in some characteristic stage poses.

Photographs specially taken for "The Sketch" by the Dover Street Studios.



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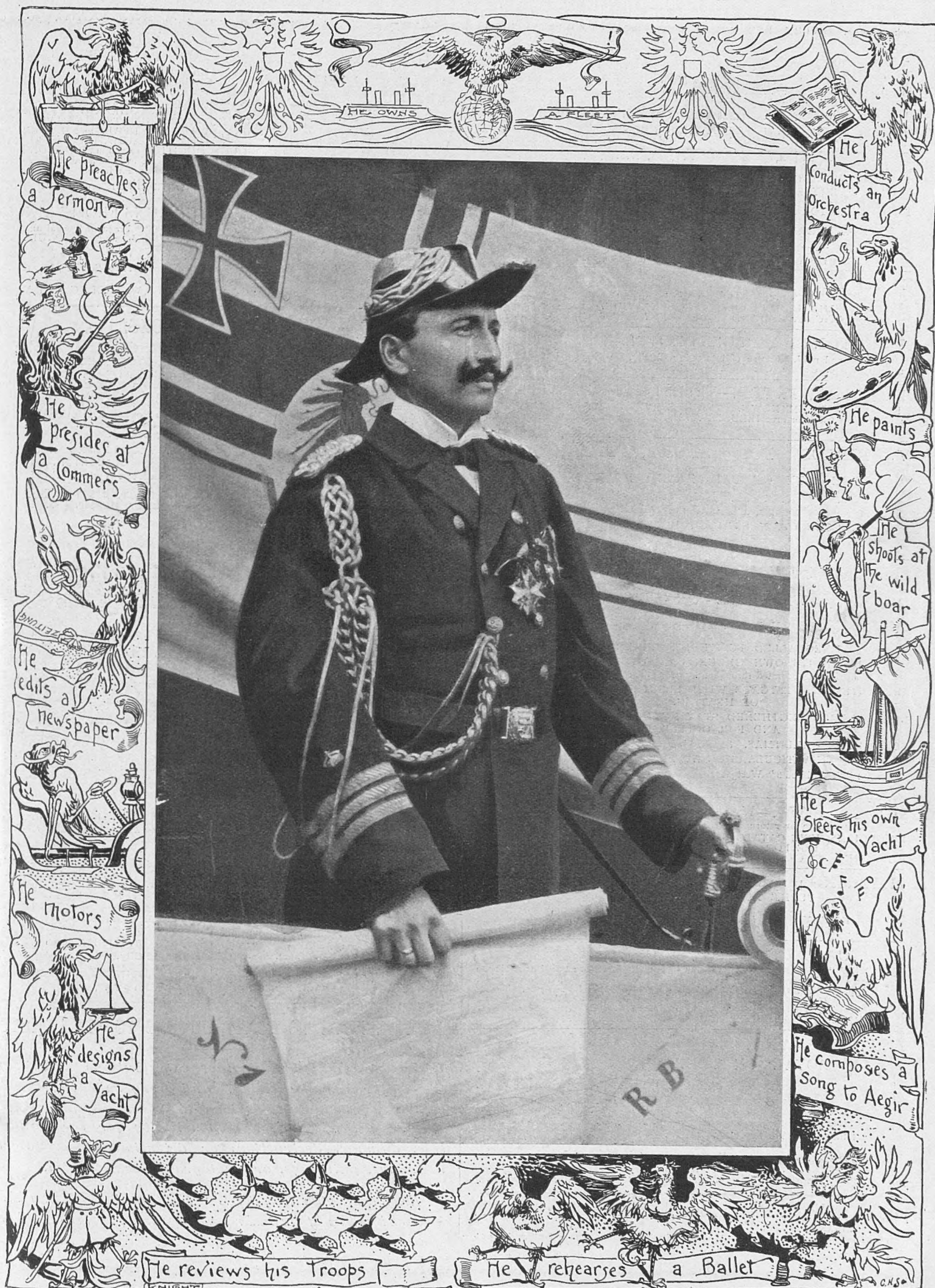
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# DID THE KAISER REALLY COME TO ENGLAND, OR DID HE SEND THE SWEEP?



HIS SOOTY MAJESTY MAX NITSCHKE, THE CHIMNEY-SWEEP WHO IS THE KAISER'S DOUBLE.

Herr Max Nitschke, a chimney-sweep of the little village of Langenbielau, Silesia, is so like the Kaiser that, so far as appearances went, it would have been easy for him to take his Majesty's place during the imperial visit to England, although, with all respect to Herr Nitschke, he could not possibly have become so popular as his ruler has done during a stay that all Englishmen hope will be repeated. Herr Nitschke's likeness to the German Emperor has brought him considerable fame. Our photograph shows him representing the Kaiser in a tableau.



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Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

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PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.



## FREE FROM THE CENSOR: PLOTS FROM PARIS.

### "LE SATYRE."

By MM. Georges Berr  
and Marcel Guillemaud.  
Théâtre du Palais Royal.

Compiègne is a peaceful little town, excepting when the Tsar stays there, which does not happen often. But Compiègne has a leafy forest round it, and in that forest was a bold, bad man who presumably lived on nuts and other wild-fowl, and in this way became too full of beans. He was—er—"distinguished for lasciviousness"—which, taken out of dictionary English and put into the mere English that we journalists can afford, means that if he could catch a lady alone he would hug her behind a tree. He had rumpled the back hair (just before the play opened) of Baptistine Pochet, an inn-keeper of Compiègne, and very soon after the rise of the curtain that good lady was busily telling her story to Lucien Garidel and a young lady of the fair and fluffy persuasion whose name was Odette. When Garidel made these sylvan excursions with the fair Odette he always told his wife where he was going. He used to call it an important business engagement with his friend Cornailles. Now Raymonde Garidel, the faithless Lucien's wife, had suspicions, and two admirers of her own. One of the admirers—D'Espanonville—had a motor-car, and Raymonde turns up at the Compiègne inn and, not unnaturally, wants to know a little more about Odette. Lucien explains. When he has lied as much as he can lie with comfort in the cold, blue glare of his wife's indignant eye, or maybe of both her indignant eyes, Lucien, apologising for his forgetfulness (the liar!), introduces Odette as "Er—Madame Cornailles." "Oh, yes," says Raymonde, with a virtuous and doubting curl of the lip. "And where may M. Cornaille live?" Lucien is just explaining the beauties of the Third Republic's Equality, Fraternity, and Liberty, and is about to say that his non-existent friend *may* live anywhere, when Odette chips in with the address—"22, Quai Malaquais." When anybody happens to tell the truth in a farce, nobody believes it. The only moral that I have been able to draw from this is that it is not any good telling the truth until ten minutes before the fall of the curtain. Well, now, Raymonde doesn't believe that a lady who has champagne-coloured hair can have a husband who has business relationship with hers. She knows Lucien more than a little, and is inclined to think that the grey mare—or shall I say the champagne-coloured filly—is the horse *he* drives. So the motor-cars are wound up again and everybody makes for 22, Quai Malaquais.

Raymonde, escorted by her two admirers, wants to get a good look at M. Cornailles, if he should exist (which she does not believe); Lucien and Odette, too, explain to Cornailles what is expected of him. For that's the point, you see. There really is a M. Cornailles, who deals in snuff-boxes, and has never put an arm in the way of

kindness round the waist of any woman except that of his own wife. And as she's no chicken, that has been rather a strain of late years. Therefore, when told by Lucien that he must, to oblige his best customer, pretend to be the friend who kept him away from his little home at night, and also to be a—er—personage addicted to lasciviousness—Cornailles doesn't object at all. His imagination (and all of us who have ever bought home-made antiquities know what imaginations antiquaries sometimes have) thrills at the idea of being a "gay dawg, you dawg," and when Lucien tells him that he has warned Raymonde that Cornailles has a habit of kissing anything in petticoats on sight, Cornailles gives a wicked old chuckle, and the fun begins. There are always plenty of doors in a Palais Royal farce, and Cornailles chases ladies of all ages through them till the police run him in, and the management of the theatre lets down the curtain on act two.

This only happened just in time. We had heard from Baptistine Pochet at the beginning of the play all about the goings on of M. Le Satyre in the forest of Compiègne. Baptistine had never had an experience like this before, and as we are never too old to learn, and perhaps somewhat short-sighted in these matters after middle age, Dame Baptistine threw herself into the antiquary's arms, nearly burst his braces and broke his watch with the throbbing of her gentle heart, and made the old gentleman wish himself well out of the Satyre business. That tired feeling didn't suit the books of Lucien and Odette. Odette therefore perched on the old man's knee and explained how he ought to behave. We all envied Cornailles until Madame Cornailles came in through one of the doors, and began stating her views. In the third act—but how foolish I am!—the third act could not, in a Palais Royal farce, possibly take place anywhere else than in the *garçonnière* where

Lucien and Odette's illicit loves were harboured. I rather like illicit loves. And so, by the way, does Cornailles. I suppose that a taste for them may be acquired, like olives. This is not grammar, I know, but it is human nature. Cornailles hugs the servant—naughty man!—then cuddles Raymonde Garidel, who had come to see what tricks that flighty husband of hers played in a wicked little ground-floor flat, and then the lights go out, and, as we must be moral, Cornailles—oh, well, satyrises the wife of his bosom by mistake. All cats are the same colour in the dark, the proverb says. Even an old cat. Raymonde gives up her admirers, Lucien promises to be good in future, and Raymonde says that she will never be jealous again. You may think this a trifle foolish of Raymonde, but even a Palais Royal farce cannot go on for ever, can it?

JOHN N. RAPHAEL.



"MME. SIMONE" OR "MME. SIMONE LE BARGY"? WILL THE COURT'S PLEASE DECIDE?

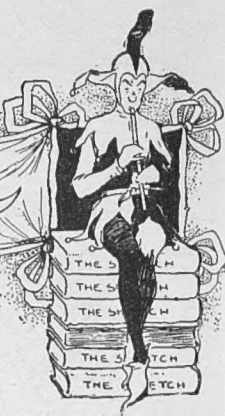
We give a portrait of Mme. Simone Le Bary, whom it is possible we shall have to call Mme. Simone alone before long. The well-known French actress was divorced from her husband some time ago, but continues to use his name. To this M. Le Bary does not agree and he has brought an action against his former wife to restrain her from retaining his name. Mme. Le Bary argues that she has added to the lustre of the name, and so has a vested right in it. Meantime, she has consulted Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, who has advised her—presuming the decision of the Court is against her—to call herself Mme. Simone.

Photograph by Boissonnas and Taponier.





# THE CLUBMAN



THE NEWEST FORM OF YACHT—THE "MINEOLA"—HOW TO YACHT LUXURIOUSLY IN THE EAST—  
THE SHARK'S FIN AS A LUXURY—THE EXPENSES OF YACHTING.

A VERY splendid yacht, the latest word in luxury on board ship, has just been launched on the Clyde. Its owner is Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, the millionaire American newspaper proprietor. Mr. Pulitzer is exceedingly sensitive to noise, and his cabins have been made absolutely proof against all sounds and all vibration. The most interesting form of yacht of to-day, however, is the *Mineola*, on which Colonel Robert Thompson is going to fly his private flag for a trip round the world, starting from Gibraltar. This big ship is an 8000-ton merchant steamer, one of the largest of the class of ship unprettily called "tramps," and she goes, as a rule, to any port for which she can obtain a cargo, and does not run on one particular line.

Colonel Thompson has chartered the vessel for a long voyage, and though she is, I understand, to carry some cargo between the ports at which the Colonel intends to call, she has become in all other essentials a gigantic yacht. She has been painted white, and on her upper deck a most comfortable house has been built. The Colonel is taking a dozen guests, mostly English, with him on his voyage, and they will live for the voyage in what house-agents would call "a noble mansion." There is a sufficiency of sitting-rooms, to enable anyone who is bored or feels the motion of the vessel to sit a day through in solitude, and all these sitting-rooms can be thrown into one great white ball-room, should the Colonel wish to entertain on a large scale.

There are almost as many bath-rooms as there are guests, and the luxury of this in tropical waters can be understood only by those who know the really hot corners of the earth. There is also a laundry on board, which, so far as I know, is a convenience possessed by no other ship.

The most luxurious form of yachting in the East has till now been considered to send one's yacht on to Penang or Singapore a month or so in advance, and to do the journey across the Indian Ocean in one of the most comfortable of the mail boats which run to Eastern ports. That long beat from Aden to Colombo or Bombay, particularly if there is a monsoon blowing, is the most uninteresting of all voyages—nothing to look at but deep blue waves all day and

black waves all night; and most owners of yachts like to reduce this transit to the shortest possible time on the largest possible boat. I am told that Colonel Thompson's guests are to land in Palestine, at Alexandria, and at other ports; and no doubt if there is cargo carried it will be loaded and unloaded during the time that they are all on shore, just as a trip on land is sure to be arranged whenever coaling becomes necessary.

At Aden, I am sure, the Colonel will not take any cargo on board. Of all the strange merchandise ever put into a ship's hold, the bales which are shipped at Aden are the strangest. The port sends large quantities of sharks' fins out to China, and a shark's fin *au naturel* has the smell of "Bombay duck," only intensified a hundred-fold. One can scent the cargo-boats which bring off this delicacy for Celestials a hundred yards before they reach the ship. Curiously enough, in the dinners I have eaten in China with Chinamen, I do not ever remember sharks' fins to have been on the menu. Perhaps John Chinaman thinks that it is too

strong meat for a Briton, or perhaps he keeps this delicacy entirely for himself.

I hope that Colonel Thompson will, in one way or another, tell the yachting-world what his trip has cost him when he comes to

the end of it, for it will be interesting to many people to compare the expenses of the ordinary big yacht with those of this converted tramp—a converted tramp sounds, does it not? as though it ought to be a missionary ship. Of all the sports of the world, yachting is the most expensive, and some of the very big craft cost their owners anything between twenty and forty thousand pounds a year. The most expensive yacht in the world in upkeep is, I should fancy, that owned by Mr. Gordon Bennett—the great ship with one mast and a vast smoke-stack which in winter generally lies at anchor in the bay at Beaulieu. This great vessel, which looks like a man-of-war, is kept in commis-

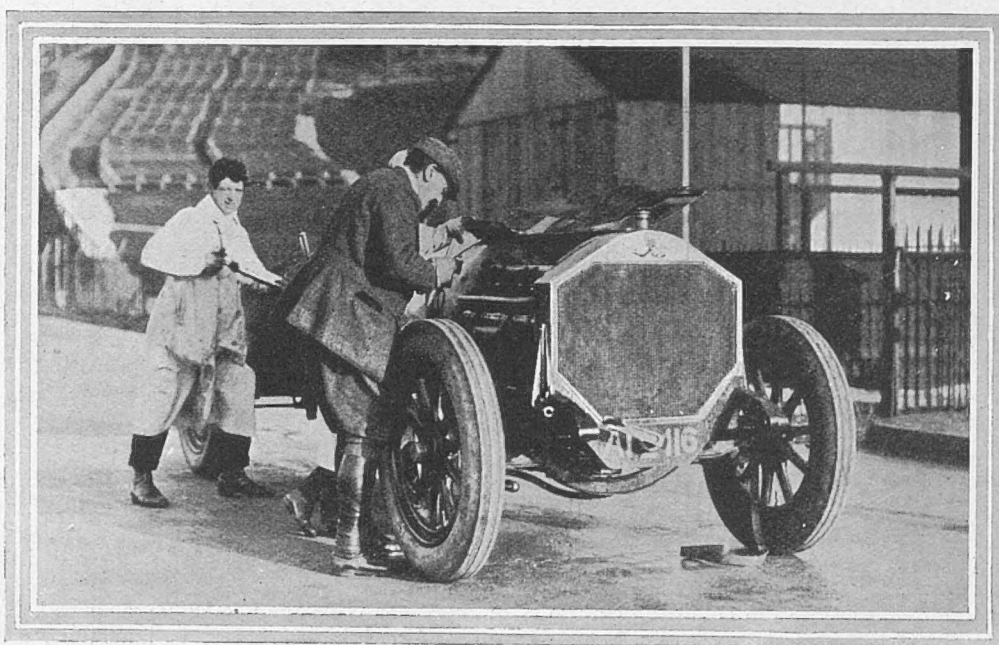
sion all the year round, and the officers and crew, most of whom have served in the navy of one of the English-speaking countries, serve on man-of-war terms, and have man-of-war smartness and discipline.



A TOWN HALL LET FOR HALF-A-CROWN A WEEK:  
THE TOWN HALL, WHITBY.

The Salvation Army has secured the tiny Town Hall of Whitby, which is well known to all lovers of the old Yorkshire town, at a rent of half-a-crown a week. The building stands in the cobble-stoned market-place, and the hall is only about twenty feet square.

Photograph by E. N. Sanders.



TO PREVENT THE SECRET EXCHANGE OF PARTS: STAMPING THE VARIOUS SECTIONS OF  
MR. EARP'S 60-H.P. THAMES BEFORE THE ATTEMPT TO BREAK FIVE RECORDS.

Before Mr. Clifford Earp started on his attempt to break the records for 50 miles, 100 miles, 150 miles, one hour, and two hours, a Brooklands official stamped each part of the engine of his 60-h.p. Thames racer, in order that it might be impossible for any part to be changed without detection. Mr. Earp made the following record times: 50 miles in 39 min. 10.29 sec.; 150 miles in 1 hour 58 min. 34.1 sec.; 76 miles 453 yards in one hour; 151 miles 146.8 yards in two hours.

Photograph by the Topical Press.



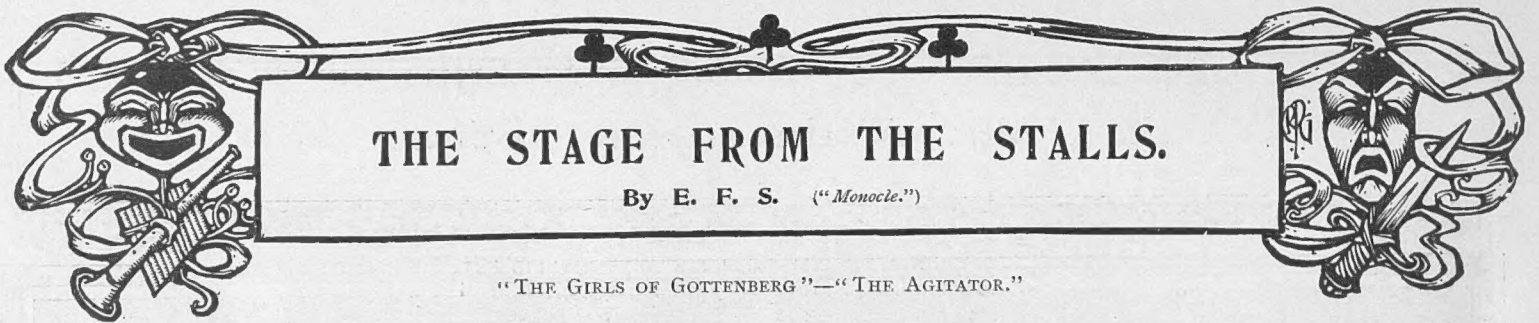
AVOID THE TRIP: A HINT FOR ZBYSCO AND CO.



A MOUNTED HACKENSCHMIDT AND A MOUNTED ZBYSCO: "RIDING FOR A FALL."

It must be confessed that, except to the enthusiast, wrestling under ordinary conditions is getting a little tiresome. Why not vary matters by mounting the wrestlers in the manner shown? Tripping, at all events, would be avoided.





## THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"THE GIRLS OF GOTTENBERG"—"THE AGITATOR."

IN "The Girls of Gottenberg" the Gaiety seems to have produced one of the comparatively few successes of the season, and the piece promises (or threatens) to have one of the longest Gaiety runs. It has just reached the conclusion of what, I suppose, may be called its first lap: that is to say, the 200th performance has been celebrated. In honour of the occasion, several new numbers have been introduced. The necessity of introducing them was not, perhaps, quite obvious; at least, so far as I know, for the old ones which they replaced were still receiving nightly encores. A wonderful thing the typical Gaiety piece, perhaps the most characteristic of our stage, or rather of the London theatre. There may be critical grumblers who talk of wasted talent—a charge which, on the whole, seems to me unfounded—and I do not suppose that its most faithful supporters would speak of it as a work of art; but it serves very well the function of a half-way house between the theatres and the halls, without possessing the affectation of art which has rendered many musico-dramatic pieces a little irritating. You want to see a number of popular people singing and dancing, and in a sort of way acting, and possessing a kind of familiar understanding with the public unique in our theatres; you want to hear catchy tunes, to listen to jokes the subtlety of which will not puzzle you, to look at handsome dresses and pretty scenery: you go to the Gaiety, and there you are.

When it is lucky—not always the case—the Gaiety has a good kind of framework for the exhibition of its artists; in the present

instance it is lucky. The story of the audacious cobbler of Koenig, which made Europe roar with laughter, might have served very well for a quaint comical farce. At the Gaiety it furnishes a backbone, perhaps somewhat dislocated, for a lot of merriment that does not pretend to be strictly coherent, and in the part of the impudent impostor the popular Mr. Payne has one of the best opportunities of his career. All the new numbers were very well received; the song called "The Common Little Girl" suited Miss Gertie Millar very well, the Diabolo Trio delighted the house, and the audience rocked with laughter at a topical song called "Jericho." Perhaps the greatest success was that of the number called "Strolling and Patrolling," which the critics seem to assume is an imitation of the "Florodora"

also a lively new dance, written by Mr. Ivan Caryll, and brightly rendered by Miss Topsy Sinden, Miss Florence Phillips, Miss Kitty Lindley, and Miss Olive May.

"Brewster's Millions" is another of the successes of 1907, and, indeed, has had a run of over seven months. It has used up

several curtain-raisers, and its patrons have seen some of the best *levres de rideaux* of our times, amongst them "The Dumb Cake," which, I think, had far less praise and popularity than it deserved. For a while, the very clever Fenn piece called "Op o' my Thumb" has introduced the less subtle and truthful humours of the American farce. The other night, a new short work was presented, called "The Agitator," written by Mrs. Oscar Beringer, a lady who has to her credit two of the most successful short pieces of our times—"A Bit of Old Chelsea" and "Holly - Tree Inn." It is not, perhaps, altogether judicious

of the management to produce "The Agitator" immediately after "Op o' My Thumb," for both deal with the same stratum of life—substratum, perhaps, one should call it—and deal with it very differently. Messrs. Fenn and Pryce look at humble lives from outside the theatre, and whilst recognising that there is plenty of sentimental feeling among the lower classes, they rely mainly on humour and unforced human pathos. Mrs. Beringer's factory-girls obviously belong to the theatre. In real life they would not be the poor, anæmic creatures whom you may see by the thousand at mid-day eating jam roly-poly and a saucer of virulent pickles. However, we know very well that large masses of playgoers do not care very much about pure truth, and indeed, the popular taste in pictures shows that types supposed to be idealised are preferred to the truthful, and even regarded as more artistic. Mrs. Beringer has managed to frame an effective little play concerning the strike at Maclean's pickle factory, and Kitty Kemp, the leader of the strike, who by her heroism induces the eldest son of the "Boss" to give way. The play offers quite a good part to Miss Marjorie Murray, in which she acts very successfully. Perhaps the most valuable feature in the affair is that it may bring home effectively to some of the public the hardship of the lives of many factory girls.

The American farce, thanks largely to Mr. Gerald du Maurier, is still in full swing, and the inconsistencies about which some critics grumbled clearly have not hurt it a bit. The audience is delighted by the desperate efforts of the hero to get rid of his embarrassing fortune, and the yacht scene has a prodigious success: how it would have delighted Mr. Crummles! One could hardly over-praise the performance in it of Mr. du Maurier, and he is very well supported.



THE VETERAN DRAMATIST WHO IS TO SUE THE "MATIN'S" CRITIC FOR LIBEL: M. VICTORIEN SARDOU, WITH HIS GRANDCHILD.

M. Sardou, whose new play, "L'Affaire des Poisons," has just been produced in Paris, has stated that he will sue the "Matin" and its critic for libel for publishing a criticism of his play before it was produced. The critic in question saw the "répétition générale" of the play, and, in accordance with his paper's statement that henceforward it would judge by the "répétitions générales," instead of by the first public performances, published his notice on the day after the full dress rehearsal. Hence the trouble.

Photograph by Branger.



MME. JANE HADING, WHO WAS TAKEN ILL SUDDENLY LAST WEEK.

Mme. Hading was to have appeared at the New Royalty last week, but on the Monday it was announced that the famous actress had been taken ill suddenly, and could not play that night.

Photograph by Reutlinger.

concerted number, "Are There Any More at Home Like You." It may even enjoy as great a popularity as Mr. Leslie Stuart's original, and that achieved something like a record. There is



GET READY TO SWIM TO THE CITY  
IN CASE THE RAIN SHOULD CONTINUE.



PEACE: A FRENCH VILLAGE BEFORE THE RECENT FLOODS.

AND PLENTY (OF WATER): THE SAME VILLAGE AFTER THE RECENT FLOODS.

Our photographs show the same spot—the first as it is under ordinary conditions, the second as it was when flooded recently. Various landmarks can be recognised in each of the illustrations.



SMALL  
TALK

A COSMOPOLITAN GREAT LADY:  
THE COUNTESS APRAXINE.

Photograph by R. Corway.

Russian history; it was a member of this family who created the Russian Navy of Peter the Great, and there is no Court in Europe where a Countess Apraxine is not sure of the warmest welcome and highest consideration.

*A Plucky Diana.* Lady Holland, the news of whose accident aroused much concern in sporting circles, is truly an intrepid Diana, and one of the straightest riders to hounds in Cheshire, which is saying a good deal. Only last year, when hunting with the Cheshire Hounds, she was thrown and had a nasty spill. There is excellent hunting to be had in the neigh-

THE Countess Apraxine is one of those cosmopolitan great ladies who are as much at home in London as in Paris, in St. Petersburg as in Vienna. She is an intimate friend of the charming and cultivated Infanta Eulalie, the young King of Spain's favourite aunt, and the two ladies are much together. The Countess has literary and artistic tastes, and is, moreover, a writer of charming verse. The Apraxines have played a very great part in

Mr. Percival Mitchell. The pretty bride has often acted on this side of the Atlantic, and during her frequent visits to this country she made many warm friends in "the profession."

*A Cardinal's Surprise Packet.*

Father Bernard Vaughan, who presides this week at a great bazaar, has made a surprising recovery from what was expected to prove a serious illness. He is a man of surprises, as other

people than those of the set whom he causes to smart can testify. No man was more surprised by him than his own brother, the late Cardinal Vaughan. The latter had prepared a great ceremonial reception for Cardinal Wiseman's arrival at Hertford, but the Cardinal, when his train reached the station, would not leave his carriage. "Send for Father Vaughan," he said. The future Cardinal was brought. "Here, I've got something to give you," said Wiseman, and he unwrapped his voluminous cloak. Within its ample folds nestled a tiny boy—the Father Bernard Vaughan of to-day.



A ROYAL AND COMEDIAN-LIKE SMILE: KING ALFONSO IS PLEASED TO BE PLEASED.

Photograph by Hamilton.

bourhood of her country house, and as she generally hunts five days a week, she must feel very keenly being thus incapacitated so early in the season. Lady Holland is as famed in the doggy world as in that which concerns itself with

*Woman's H'attitude.* There is nothing new under the sun, of course, not even ladies' hats. It has been proved by documents of the time that one hundred years ago London opera-goers suffered from feminine megalomania in hats.



ENGAGED TO LORD WYNFORD'S SAILOR BROTHER: MISS WOOD.

The engagement is announced of Lieutenant Matthew Best, brother of Lord Wynford, and Miss Wood, daughter of Mr. Charles Wood, of West Woodhay House. The marriage is not expected to take place until next spring.

Photograph by Annie Bell.

hunting. She is extremely fortunate as a breeder, and has won many prizes at the leading dog-shows. Her special pets are Japanese spaniels, and she follows a quaint fashion of wearing two exquisite miniatures of her four-legged friends in the form of a pendant and bracelet bangle.

*Yesterday's Wedding.* The theatrical world at large and the Anglo-American section of Society are deeply interested in the marriage, which took place yesterday, between Mrs. Sedgwick Wilson, still better known by her stage name of June van Buskirk, and



MISS JUNE VAN BUSKIRK (MRS. SEDGWICK WILSON),

Who Married Mr. Percival Mitchell yesterday.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



THE MOST VERSATILE MAN IN THE WORLD: MR. LOUIS M. ELSHEMUS.

Mr. Elshemus has painted 3000 pictures, and has written 40 novels, as well as plays in English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Arabic, Sanskrit and Chinese. He is also responsible for 100 songs and musical pieces, has been round the world seven times, and has a great reputation as a piemaker.

Photograph by Bruinbeck.



LADY HOLLAND, WHO HAD A FALL IN THE HUNTING FIELD THE OTHER DAY.

Photograph by Jacolette.

They were so high and so wide that they obstructed the view. In Paris, thanks to demonstrations, newspaper articles, and notices by managers, the big hat has ceased to spoil theatrical sport. The fashion now is to bind one's hair in the classic style, with ribbons blue and green. The result is very pretty. This fashion of the Greeks suits admirably the younger women. Should the present hatless stage prevail, we may see Frenchwomen wearing in the theatres full evening dress, such as happens now only on great occasions. *La grande toilette* is rarely seen across the Straits, except at the Opéra or at ceremonial soirées.



## THE LAUGHING GULL; AND MARIA MONKEY, M.D.



1. A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF FLIGHT: A WINTER VISITOR TO LONDON.

2. KISSING IT TO MAKE IT WELL: A MONKEY SUCKING HER SON'S INJURED THUMB.

The Laughing Gull is one of our most regular visitors, and most Londoners know it. It first came to the Thames in the arctic winter of 1896, and it has come every autumn since. The snapshot of the monkeys was taken in the Berlin "Zoo." The younger monkey bruised its thumb slightly, and at once ran to its mother. She promptly sucked the thumb, to the infinite content of her offspring.

*Photograph of the Gull by Illustrations Bureau.*





THE KING'S PILOT, WHO HAS JUST BEEN DECORATED BY THE KAISER AND BY THE KING OF SPAIN.

His Majesty's pilot brought the Kaiser's yacht "Hohenzollern" into harbour through a thick fog, and in recognition of this his Majesty has conferred on him a distinction equal to our M.V.O. The King of Spain has also decorated him.

*Photograph by S. Cribb.*

of the poet-King were undoubtedly cheered by the knowledge that his grandson had chosen a British Princess to be his future Queen.

#### *The Queen's Latest Portrait-Painter.*

M. François Flameng, who is painting a portrait of Queen Alexandra, may lay claim to the title of the French Sargent, and a visit to his studio is one of the most agreeable experiences which can befall the English art visitor to Paris. Like the famous Anglo-American artist, M. Flameng is many things besides a portrait-painter. Brilliant studies of the Napoleonic era first brought him fame; then the French Government gave him a number of important commissions connected with the interior decoration of those municipal and other public buildings of which

## CROWNS, CORONETS & COURTIERS

THE KING has ordered a three weeks' Court mourning for that stalwart friend of the British Empire, Oscar II. of Sweden. His late Majesty was not only a frequent visitor to this country, but he was the only great ruler of our time whose sympathies were pro-English during the Boer War. It is pleasing to reflect that the last years

successively the wife of so distinguished a man as was the late Lord Malmesbury and so noted a soldier as the late Sir John Ardagh. Lady Malmesbury has been interested in literature from girlhood, and, in spite of her youth, she was able to be of the

greatest assistance to her first husband when he was preparing his famous *Memoirs*. Then she began writing in the magazines, principally on sport and on social matters. She was one of the first women in Society to take up cycling.

#### *Gold and Glory.*

The Great Napoleon was not only the first man to express, but also the first man to make possible, the famous dictum that every private carries in his knapsack the bâton of a field-marshal. Colonel W. R. Robertson, C.B., D.S.O., who now becomes Brigadier-General under Sir H. Smith-Dorrien, is rather an example in point. Thirty years ago he was a humble private in the 16th Lancers, that smart regiment now known to fame as "Alfonso's Own"; for ten long years he was a ranker, then he got a commission in the 3rd Dragoon Guards. He saw much active service, and was badly and he also took part in the Miranzai and



THE FRENCH SARGENT, M. FRANÇOIS FLAMENG, WHO IS PAINTING A PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN.

*Photograph by Otto*

our French neighbours are so justly proud. A chance visit to St. Petersburg brought him into close touch with the imperial family, and at the request of the late Tsar, he painted a State portrait of our Queen's sister, the Empress Dagmar. During the last ten years M. Flameng has devoted himself almost entirely to feminine portraiture. Many of our great ladies have sat to him.

#### *A New Lady of Grace.*

Susan, Lady Malmesbury, who has just been made a Lady of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem by the King, has a most attractive personality. Few of her contemporaries have had so interesting a life, and, it may be added, few Englishwomen of her generation have had the good fortune to become

wounded in Chitral, Black Mountain Expeditions. When he went out to South Africa at the beginning of the Boer War he was plain Captain Robertson, and so in less than eight years he has risen from that rank to that of Brigadier-General.

#### *A Hostess of the King.*

Mme. Edmond Blanc, who, together with her husband, the famous French sportsman, has more than once had the honour of entertaining King Edward at lunch at her beautiful country home near Paris, will now in a sense be able to regard herself as a connection of our Sovereign and his gracious Consort, for M. Blanc is uncle to the royal bride of the other week. Mme. Blanc was an actress, but on her marriage she retired from the stage and became a popular hostess. She has a unique collection of jewels and lace.



FROM "RANKER" TO BRIGADIER-GENERAL: COLONEL W. R. ROBERTSON, C.B., D.S.O.

Colonel Robertson, who has just been appointed Brigadier-General under Sir H. Smith-Dorrien, was a private in the 16th Lancers thirty years ago, and was a "ranker" for ten years. He has risen from Captain to Brigadier-General in eight years.

*Photograph by Elliott and Fry.*



SUSAN, LADY MALMESBURY, A NEW LADY OF GRACE.

*Photograph supplied by P.P.A.*



MME. EDMOND BLANC, WIFE OF THE FAMOUS FRENCH SPORTSMAN.

*Photograph by Otto.*



## DECLINED TO BE SUPERVISOR OF THE ROYAL HAREMS



MME. DU GAST, THE FAMOUS FRENCH EXPLORER, WHO REFUSED THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO'S OFFER.

According to the "Journal," the Sultan of Morocco recently offered the position of Supervisor of the Royal Harems to Mme. du Gast, the famous French explorer, who declined the honour, respectfully, but firmly. Mme. du Gast is very popular in Morocco.

*Photograph by Señan y Gonzalez.*





By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

**Independent Royalty.**

The recent gathering in England of the royal families of Europe has been productive of the usual crop of stories of the independence of this king and that, of the delight with which they have for an hour or so dodged ceremonial and enjoyed unfettered freedom. That is admirable in the West, but it does not pay in the East. To this day the tradition lingers that the dragomans who make the Pyramids the scene of their plunder were "had" over the visit of King Edward. The Prince, as he then was, arrived with Dean Stanley and the rest of his party, with the break of day, and before the Arabs were ready for them. Consequently there were not enough natives to go round. The Prince sprang away up the perilous face of the Pyramid alone. A sturdy little Arab took Stanley in tow. Every now and again he would look round for the great man whom all were seeking. "Where is the Governor?" he at last asked. The Dean pointed to the Prince, up on ahead. "What, that little chap?" cried the native, then adding suspiciously, "Why he go up alone?" That the Heir Apparent should ascend uncarried was, to the Oriental mind, unthinkable. And they still doubt.

**How She Knew.**

Unconscionable novelists and playwrights make the heavy villain propose marriage to his innocent victim while his wife is still living. The law has sought to demonstrate that in real life men do not always wait until the funeral is over before casting about for a successor for the heads of their tables. If the gossips may be believed, there has been an august example of this. The Countess of Beaconsfield did undoubtedly say that Dizzy married her for her money; but she added that, if he had to marry her again, he would marry her for love. She could not always have held the former opinion, or there would be no story to tell. How did she know that this great man really loved her for herself, and for herself alone? she was once asked. There could be no doubt about it, she answered, for Dizzy had made love to her before she was a widow.

**More Royal Memoirs.**

When the late King of Sweden relinquished the writing of poetry, he did not permit his pen to rust. He wrote his autobiography, to be published after his death. It is becoming quite the thing in these democratic days for memoirs to be issued under royal auspices or over the names of men famous in State affairs; so the Memoirs of King Oscar will be in fashion. It is not likely that the volume will greatly appeal to members of the Primrose League. King Oscar, like Napoleon III., had not a high regard for Disraeli. "I like and admire most things English," he once said, "but I will not conceal

that I do not admire Lord Beaconsfield. I do not think that his conduct about Cyprus was straightforward."

**Waste Labour.**

The story that a new gun of marvellous possibilities, invented in this country, may be sold abroad, owing to the apathy of the powers that be, is not altogether surprising. Whitworth refused Napoleon the Third's offer of £10,000 a year for life to go to Paris and manufacture his cannon for the French Army, but perhaps our War Office was not so faddy then as now. Some little time ago a new gun for hill-fighting was offered, and was sent out to India to be tried. It was dragged up steep hills, rushed down rocky defiles, left for a week at a time in mountain torrents; in fact, submitted to all the tests which a veteran officer

accustomed to war with the hill tribes could suggest. The report was satisfactory in every respect. But a War Office genius blandly asked if the gun had been dropped down a precipice. It had not. The War Office was horrified and amazed at the neglect of so elementary a test. The gun was now dropped down a precipice—with the inevitable result: its internals were irretrievably damaged. How was it possible, the War Office asked, to accept such a weapon? And the army of India was left to potter along with obsolete weapons because this new and excellent arm would not stand impossible tests.

**An Unconventional Finish.**

The proposal of the South African cricketers that the Mother Country should play matches

with the two cricketing colonies in turn suggests an idea for the umpiring difficulty. South Africa should provide one umpire for matches between England and Australia, while, with the other sides in opposition, the country not engaged should supply a man. It is always a little unsatisfactory for the visiting team to be quite in the hands of umpires belonging to the country in which they are playing. The difficulty is one felt outside cricket of this sort. An historic match at Gibraltar ended disastrously through the same cause—the umpiring. The match was between a regimental team from the garrison and a man-of-war in harbour. At one end a sailor presided, at the other a soldier. Now when the sailors were hitting off the runs and there remained six to get and only one wicket to fall, things began to hum. A sailor slogged a ball well out into the country. Tarrybrecks, the umpire, could not contain himself. "Run, Jack! Run like blazes!" he yelled. The soldier umpire, his sense of decorum shocked by this ebullition of partisanship, instantly gave the batsman "run out" while the ball was still being fielded. And at that the sailor batsman and the soldier umpire adjourned the match, that they might fight out the matter untrammelled by gloves.



THE CARRIAGES IN WHICH A GOD GOES TO THE "GARDEN OF PLEASURE";  
THE CARS OF JUGGERNAUT.

The god Juggernaut's temple is at Puri, and from this temple it is moved once a year for an eight days' visit to the "Garden of Pleasure." Thousands visit the place at this time, in order that they may look upon the god and gain felicity for the future. The cars of Juggernaut are about sixty feet high and are mounted on four-and-twenty wheels. They are dragged to their destination by a host of worshippers. Devotees were wont to throw themselves beneath the wheels, to die and "inherit eternal life."



"ALICE IN WONDERLAND."



IV.—ALICE MEETS THE MAD HATTER.

DRAWN BY G. VERNON STOKES.





# HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THE annual revival of "Peter Pan," at the Duke of York's, recalls an incident which happened last year in Glasgow to Mr. Loring Fernie—the young actor whose performance in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," at the Haymarket, was so universally praised—when he was playing the parts of Mr. Darling and Captain Hook in the provinces, as he had also done the previous year. The piece had gone splendidly, and the audience was following the career of Peter, Wendy, and their delightful companions with absorbed interest. Mr. Fernie, as Captain Hook, was about to pour the poison from the bottle into Peter's cup when, through the silence of the theatre, there rang the agonised cry of a little boy, "Peter! Peter! look out!" The interruption was so sudden, so unexpected, so spontaneous, that for a moment all eyes were diverted from the stage to the box, over the edge of which the excited child was leaning. With the actor's instinct to hold a fine situation and the skill to do it, Mr. Fernie kept still, waiting for the inevitable development. The next moment it came. There was an overwhelming burst of applause, and it was only when it had ceased that the actor went on with his part. Splendid effect though it was, the management, it need hardly be said, did not engage a child to repeat the incident at every performance.

The question of the accuracy or inaccuracy of an accent on the stage is so frequently discussed—as it has been, for instance, in the case of Miss Ethel Irving's brogue in "Lady Frederick"—that the following experience of Mr. George F. Tully, whose performance in "When Knights Were Bold" evokes so much laughter, cannot help being amusing. It happened that, some years ago, he was engaged in a stock season, and one of the plays put up was "The Shaughraun." Conn was played by a Scotchman, another Scot was the priest, a Tynesider was the Harvey Duff, and various Cockneys and a young man who had just left Oxford helped out with the other parts. Mr. Tully, the only Irishman in the company, was the Corry Kinchela, and his brogue at that time was very thick indeed. All the other actors suggested their native places in their accents, so that the result must have been rather reminiscent of Babel. When, however, the local paper came out, the morning after the production, all the members of the company got excellent notices, and the critic placed himself on record with the statement that "A feature of the performance was the excellent Irish accents of the gentlemen who played the Irish parts, with the exception of Mr. George F. Tully, who, although he fully realised the brutal character of Kinchela, lamentably failed in his conception of an Irish brogue." On another occasion, too, Mr. Tully got a capital "notice" for his performance of a Frenchman, although up to that time he was himself under the impression that the part he was playing was an Italian.

Miss Joan Ritz, the principal girl of the King's Theatre pantomime, is one of the youngest leading ladies on the stage. Before she made her professional appearance she had sung the leading parts in "Three Little Maids," "Florodora," and "Veronique" in amateur performances of those musical plays which were directed by her brother at Woodford. She has appeared at the Prince of Wales's Theatre in "The Girl on the Stage," and in "See See," in which latter she understudied

Miss Denise Orme in the title-rôle, which she played several times, with great satisfaction to the management and the marked appreciation of the public. Her chief diversion is driving four-in-hand, and she has often driven the Harlow coach out and home—a distance of forty miles. On one occasion she had an experience, the consequences of which might have been very serious had she been less skilful with the "ribbons." Trotting homeward through Loughton one evening, the team, suddenly startled by the braying of a donkey, took fright, and went galloping through the village at twenty miles an hour. Miss Ritz was alone on the box at the time, and had her work cut out to steer the frightened horses and prevent them dashing into the market carts which, at that hour, are returning from London in large numbers. Still, she managed to do this successfully, and was pulling up the team at the foot of Buckhurst Hill when the coach gave a sudden lurch and knocked over a mail-cart which was being pushed by a nurse at the side of the road. Cart, baby, and nurse were all thrown into the ditch, but fortunately no great harm was done, and the young actress drove the maid and her charge home in triumph.

Mr. Arnold Lucy, who is playing Major Swindon, in "The Devil's Disciple," not long ago had an exciting experience. He was playing in a sketch in Glasgow in which two motor-cars appear to be racing. In consequence of some hitch in the arrangements the cars were unable to travel by rail. At an early hour on Sunday morning, after finishing at Birmingham, the manager and the leading man started for Glasgow by road with two chauffeurs. The cars were not provided with seats, so the occupants had to travel three hundred and eighty miles on petrol-cases, with temporary backs made out of packing-cases. Mr. Lucy travelled more comfortably, alone, by rail, for the one other member of the company, who played a dude part, had been called away to London in consequence of the illness of his wife. The manager's wife therefore requested Mr. Lucy, on his arrival in Glasgow, to try and find a substitute for the absent actor. This he did at luncheon-time on Monday. Three hours later the motorists, who had broken the journey at Kendal, arrived with both cars covered with mud, for they had had to drive through pouring rain. The leading man had had nothing to eat since day-break, and was dead-beat. He naturally wanted a rest before the performance, but he had to rehearse for the new actor, who, at the last moment, expressed his fears that he could not manage to play the part satisfactorily at such short notice as he had been given. Under the circumstances, the manager implored Mr. Lucy to double his own part (the villain, a swindling French chauffeur) with the fop. It was the only way out of the difficulty; but, to save the situation, Mr. Lucy consented. There was a hasty rehearsal at five o'clock, and then Mr. Lucy went home to study the part for the performance and to arrange two "Fregoli" changes, for he had only half a minute at the most in which to change from the villain to the dude and back again whenever the exigencies of the play demanded the transformation. All the same, he proved equal to the emergency, and successfully played the two parts without a hitch, and without prolonging by one minute the action of the piece, which had to be got through in the twenty minutes allotted to it.



HAS THE INDIAN ROPE TRICK BEEN SOLVED AT LAST? MASKELYNE AND DEVANT'S VERSION OF THE FAMOUS MYSTERY.

The Indian rope trick has long been a mystery to the European. The chief performer throws a rope into the air. It remains there, and another performer climbs it. Then rope and man disappear together. Mr. Devant's version (shown at the St. George's Hall) differs somewhat from this. The rope is suspended from the top of the stage, and only the man who climbs it disappears, the rope itself remaining in place.

DAMPING HER ARDOUR.



MRS. BLOGGS (to Miss Bliggs, who is going to a funeral): I'm sorry you've got such a wet day for it, Charlotte Mary—it'll half spoil your pleasure.

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA



# THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MR. BERNARD SHAW, liberal dispenser of smiles to the multitude, cannot be grudging a smile over Mr. Edmund Gosse's article, in the *Contemporary*, on waves of variation in public estimates of poets. In Mr. Shaw's opinion Wordsworth's is "a genteel, third-class mind"—at any rate, in Mr. Shaw's publicly stated opinion. But to build on this phrase a serious structure is scarcely up to the measure of a considerable architect in words like Mr. Gosse. He must be aware that 1907 is not really repeating the neglect of 1807. Wordsworth never had so many readers as he has now; and I remember that one politician, who hated wars, justified the Boer War to his conscience by saying that it would spread—a knowledge of Wordsworth on the veldt!

It is a popular fallacy to speak of this or that town having produced this or that poet. Towns do not produce poets—except so far as in later life environment may tell. I have read in various articles on Francis Thompson that Ashton-under-Lyne had the credit of giving him his life, and, apparently, from the context, his very art. As a matter of fact such speculations are particularly idle in the case of Thompson, for he was not born in Ashton-under-Lyne, though he lived there later with his father, a homœopathic doctor. He was born in Preston.

I hear that J. M. Barrie is delighted with the way in which Mr. Daniel O'Connor has told the story of Peter Pan in the illustrated volume that is selling in all the shops, and that the illustrations of Miss Alice Woodward are a joy to him.

And now Peter Pan, like the saints and the railways and other great institutions, has an A B C. Mr. Oliver Herford, who is the author of "The Peter Pan Alphabet" and its amusing rhymes, avails himself largely of the license of his calling. Is it quite "cricket," for instance, to wander into such literary subtleties as—

I've known a Good Author blow  
up in a Huff  
A Magazine just for not printing  
his Stuff—

a sarcasm that will have Wendies and very little Pauline Chases for its readers?

The fiction of fairies is well in swing, preventing the Christmas dawn with a fine commercial exactitude. Will o' the Wisp is out of form, no manuscripts seem to go astray, and here we are with a pile of Peter Pan-ish volumes at our elbow. Oliver Onions, not a personage of fiction, but a real author, presents us with the charming adventures of Admiral Eddy, a man of seven, who is a hero in the house or in the garden, and in whose campaigns and expeditions the hall and the pond are scoured. He has his Moscow in a bonfire, but it is a Moscow of no snows: the adventures flame with the light of a boy's torch of imagination.

Among other grown-up men who have been prettily satisfied to write for the child and whose books are before us is Father Faber.

His "Angel Tales" have been republished with the addition of excellent illustrations by Mr. L. D. Symington, and half an hour of these tales will, I guarantee, make you forget the London room you sit in, and Brompton, and its Oratory, which Father Faber founded. And it was this Faber who used to call himself Fable, and paid Dickens a death-bed compliment that could not but be sincere. His dying request was for his prayer-book—and "Pickwick"!

Mr. Graham Robertson looks too elegantly careful of the nice conduct of his jade-headed cane in the portrait of himself by Mr. Sargent at the New Gallery to concern himself with the literary Christmas stocking. But he, too, was a child once. And he remembers it. "The Baby's Day Book," inscribed to "a woman of four," is full of charming songs that have a strain of the memories of infant things and experiences mixed with a very finished artfulness of song-writing. And our thanks to Sargent's sitter for the illustrations, too.

Much indulgence—nay, much respect—is due to the regrets, the memories, the pride, and the illusions of a veteran. We should hold that man to be cold of blood who was through his old age a judge rather than an advocate when the literature of his youth was to be compared with the literature of his grandson's youth. But let the veteran proffer his judgments with a sense of proportion, of the inevitableness of a change in the times—with an inward assurance, of course, that the second-class authors of 1850 were immeasurably superior to the first-class authors of to-day, but with some outward recognition of the possibility of new enthusiasms. This is what Professor Norton, of Cambridge, Mass., does not do. To the "jubilee number" of that excellent review, the *Atlantic Monthly*, he contributes an introductory chapter of most dogmatic lamentation. Gone are the great days of English poetry—not American poetry, mark, but poetry in the English language—since Emerson, Lowell, Longfellow, and Whittier are no more. Note the two names last mentioned, and remember that Meredith is living and Francis Thompson was living when this chapter was written; and then try to forgive the dictum "There is no commanding voice in poetry to-day."

Publishers have the pleasure now and again of printing their own books, one supposes, after the literary taster to the Firm has given a highly favourable report of the excellence of the home brand. They have also had the delicate task of publishing for their wives, and driving, no doubt, a shrewd bargain over the royalties. All this has been done quite openly. But it is said to be a famous publisher's wife who has written "The Love-Story of Giraldu," giving the slip to her husband's firm, and disguising herself under the pen-name of Alice Cunningham.

M. E.



HAPPENINGS OF THE WEEK.

"Lor, what's 'appened to you, 'Arry?"

"I 'appened to 'it the old woman."

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

NOT PRECISELY WHAT HE SOUGHT!



THE VISITOR: I have heard that this place is rich in historic associations?

THE NATIVE (*emphatically*): 'Yus, I should think it were. There's the Ancient Order of Tripe-Eaters, an' the Association of Antediluvians wot meets at the Cow and Corf-Drop; and father 'e's just started a Christmas Goose Club.

DRAWN BY S. BAGHOT DE LA BERE.



# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## FOR HIS TOWN'S SAKE

BY SEUMAS MACMANUS.

NAOS O'GORMAN, the young blacksmith, was a silent, but kindly-hearted giant. An ardent sportsman, he had the surest eye that ever glanced along the gun-barrel. A stranger might easily have named him unsociable. Not so, however, his comrades, the young men of Carnmoney. They thought him the most sociable of the world's good fellows; for, always, when their day's work was over, and on winter days when they could not work, his smithy never lacked for a band of "the Boys," who, with the red firelight dancing on their comely countenances, stood around in earnest converse about that which was nearest their hearts, and, in those days, highest their lips—their country's cause—close watching, the while, the sledge blows that Naos beat alternately with his assistant Hugh upon the glowing iron. They treated Naos—big, broad-shouldered, slow-spoken, taciturn Naos—with admiring awe. Though he hearkened to all, he seldom spoke in turn. Still, in their minds, he was most sociable. Nowhere could they, with such ease to themselves, and satisfaction, discuss great things, as in the presence of the blacksmith. His hammer loud-ringing on the anvil, constantly, constantly, eloquently filled, to them, his part in the smithy discourse. As homeward they wended their ways on a night on which one sentence had not fallen from the lips of the grave young smith, any of the boys would have been very much surprised—momentarily incredulous—if informed that Naos had not entirely directed the discourse. Hugh MacAuley, Naos's assistant, had probably said more than any other there; yet it was hardly remembered that poor Hugh had spoken.

With the women, too, it was as with the men: for Hugh, attractive-looking young fellow though he was—with the attractiveness that is ever begotten of a sincere heart and ardent nature—failed, after five years' wooing, to make the desired impression upon Mary MacElhatton, whose heart Naos O'Gorman had completely captivated, without effort as it seemed. Yet was Mary's a heart worth to win, daring all dangers on the globe's round.

In their country's chequered career a crisis was approaching. Everyone felt it. The boys knew it. They looked forward eagerly, hopefully, and joyfully—hopefully and joyfully, because, alas! they looked not forward far enough. These boys' hearts, in love with the ideal, beat high, even for heart of youth; and of desire begot conviction. Hope, beautiful Hope, glowed in the atmosphere of the forge those days, and lit the young men's faces with a light that shamed that of the bellows-blown flame.

When, while Antrim was still unprepared, the secret, glad tidings of the coming Rising arrived in Carnmoney, lightening the eyes and loosening the tongues of the ardent uncalculating boys of the forge, Naos, who was far-seeing, suddenly paused from beating a half-finished shoe, leaned upon his sledge, looked eagerly, earnestly at the lads, and said to them, "Boys, for God's sake don't talk foolish. They that hold us down were never in better fettle for givin' us another crushin' than they are the day. Boys, 'tis the wrong time. Let us not throw away our lives. For God's sake, boys, let us not!" The boys had never before heard the blacksmith's voice weaken to appeal. They were first surprised; and then astounded. They spake up in remonstrance. Naos, who had gone on with his work, only shook his head in reply. At length, when they had, to their own complete satisfaction, shown the absurdity of his argument, they laughed at the matter; and turned again to castle-building.

Those were the days when came the mysterious stranger, flitting from house to house and from village to village under friendly cover of night, and the belated singer who gave not all his songs to the dubious wind of day, and the pedlar who bore in his boots news long looked for, and orders eagerly awaited, and in his pack goods better than ever webster wove, which were fingered now with immeasurably more delight. In the hearts of the hills hidden forges were in full blast through dead of night, and a thousand anvils made merry music as Death and Life in mutual despite there met and beat their light-some carols on them. The eyes of the young men glistened and shone those days, their hail was jubilant, and their step buoyant beyond ordinary as they trod to their secret trystings.

At length, after some weeks, which to the boys seemed some years, the glad final word came.

"To-morrow!"

They stood their pikes by their bed-heads that night. And the first ray of the morning sun shot over Slieve Cruach kissed a hundred of these bright treasures borne by tall fellows who, with much impatient bustle and many a cheery cry to comrade met, hurried to and fro on the village street of Carnmoney. "To Antrim! To Antrim town!" rang on the lips of all. And when, all ready, they lined up under their captain, the admiring eyes of the girls upon them, and the envious eyes of too young youths and youths too old, Naos O'Gorman was missed. (It was Mary MacElhatton, indeed, who first missed him.) Off to find him scurried a couple of the boys; the ranks of

the host delayed for his coming. To their surprise he was found in his smithy even at this early hour, busily beating out horseshoes.

"Naos," they asked, "what do you mean by this, and the boys standing on the street with their pikes on their shoulders?"

Naos, who had nodded greeting to them, only replied, "I mean, boys, that I have a long day's work before me."

His friends started, "Do you mean that you don't take gun or pike to Antrim with the boys?" They were not forgetful of the wonders he could work with a gun.

"I mean that," Naos was hammering away at the half-formed horseshoe as he spoke. The messengers, confounded, turned and went disconsolately to their fellows with the news. The boys believed Naos had taken leave of his senses. Mary MacElhatton, when she heard it, dropped on the steps of her cottage; Hugh MacAuley sprang from the ranks to bring her solace. "My God!" said Naos's poor old father, "wait till I see him!" He hobbled to the forge, and, with the tears in his eyes, cried, "Naos! Naos! Aren't you taking your pike and goin' with the boys?"

"Father," said Naos, without raising his head, "I've got my work to do."

"For God's sake, Naos, the boys 'll think—they 'll think——"

"Father," said Naos, now resting his hammer, and raising his head, and speaking almost sternly, "father, do I care what they 'll think? I do the work that calls me, and fear what no man thinks."

His father staggered backward a few steps, leant his shoulder against the wall, covering his face with his hands. At that moment Mary MacElhatton, wild-eyed, burst in at the door, followed by several of Naos's comrades. Naos hastily lifted his head, and then took a step forward, meeting Mary, who, putting her hands upon his shoulders, looked into his face with pathetic appeal. She only said, "Naos!" but the word rang from her heart.

Naos laid a hand gently on Mary's shoulder, saying, "Mary, you don't understand."

"Naos," Mary said, "won't you go to Antrim?"

"Mary, you aren't well. You must go home."

"Naos, Naos, aren't you going to Antrim?"

"Dear Mary," Naos said tenderly, "you don't understand. I couldn't make you understand just now. Go home, Mary dear, and rest. I am not going to Antrim. I am staying at my anvil."

He let his hand drop off Mary's arm, on which it had rested. Mary turned, in silence making her way through the group of perplexed ones who thronged the door. Naos kept his eyes on her. Ere she had passed from the doorway wherein for a moment she had paused, gazing at her feet, he suddenly started forward, recoiled again, seized an almost completed horse-shoe, thrust it deep into the coals, and leant upon the bellows-shaft, blowing the fire to the fiercest flame. The boys, gathered within the door, had remained motionless—even, it might well be, speechless—for the space of nearly a minute. Then one of them sprang forward. It was Hugh MacAuley. With clenched fists and flashing eyes he was standing by Naos's side. Naos lazily turned his head and observed him. "Well, Hugh?" was all he said.

"Naos O'Gorman, I want to tell you—I want to tell you—here before your comrades and mine, that you are—a coward—a coward—not a man."

The colour swept out of Naos's face, and, visible to all, a tremor ran through his frame. His arm forgot to release the bellows-shaft, which was held at its lowest point when Hugh MacAuley spoke the word. Hugh, every nerve and muscle in his body at terrible tension, remained looking defiant contempt in the eyes of his master, who had leant his body backward from him as one would instinctively recoil from a crouching panther. The astounded boys at the door threw one to the other swift glances.

"Hugh!" ejaculated the man at the bellows. "A coward, and not a man!" Into Naos's face the blood swept with a swift rush. He drew himself erect, and in the eyes of the marvelling onlookers his immense proportions seemed in an instant to grow greater; and they sympathetically trembled as he looked down upon little Hugh—little, but undaunted—defiant still. He towered terrible—so it seemed to those who watched—over Hugh, who bravely boded not.

"A coward!" rang out Hugh's voice again, "and not a man!"

Hugh's fellows gasped. Out of Naos's countenance the tense expression it had taken on slowly disappeared; his arms fell by his side.

"Well, Hugh," he said, "maybe, maybe." He turned slowly, took hold of the bellows-shaft again, and began to blow.

"No Irishman!" said Hugh, "no man!" Then he let his muscles relax, dropped his arms, turned on his heel, and strode through the door. After him went his comrades, only pausing on the threshold to cast over their shoulders at Naos one pitiful glance.

The captain of the little band of rebels gave the word to march, and, just as off they started, out behind their ranks stepped Naos's

[Continued overleaf.]

WHINES FROM THE WOOD.



COUNTRY COOPER: That's wot comes o' gettin' nippers to 'elp yer.

PASSER-BY: Hallo, what's the matter?

COUNTRY COOPER: Why, 'ere I puts one o' the kids inside this cask while I fixed it up,  
an' now 'e says 'e can't get out through the bung'ole.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



old father, a gun on his shoulder, and bravely began to trudge with them. Several old men instantly ran to hold him, women too. He angrily resented the interference, struck off with his elbows those who caught hold of him, and glared fiercely at them. The company of pikemen was halted, and the old man with his gun, by force, returned to his own house.

As they passed the forge the quick ring of hammer on anvil sounded loudly in their ears. Each man then fixed his eyes afar, and took on a grimmer look. Some of Naos's closest, most loving comrades bit their lips till the blood came. None looked through the forge door. Naos lifted not his head to look out. The boys had been long anticipating the joy that would be theirs on the morning of going out to battle for their country. But now it was come they knew no joy. Their tramp, tramp, tramp, made melancholy music indeed on the morning air as they went, cheerless, silent.

When they were a mile from the village they observed ahead a girl, with gun in hand, waiting by the wayside. It was Mary MacElhatton they found. They looked at her in wordless wonder. She cast down her eyes under the gaze of the company. She said: "Boys, I am waiting to fill the one gap in your ranks."

"Mary, a stor," the captain said, "are you mad?"

"Not mad," calmly she replied, "but meaning to do his duty for Naos O'Gorman."

Hugh MacAuley had sprung forward from his place, and was at her side. "Mary a theagair," he said, "go home. Come home with me; I'll follow up, and overtake the men again before they get into the fight."

"No, Hugh, I don't go home. I go to Antrim with all of ye. From when I was a child the heart within my heart has always longed that I might do something for Ireland. This is the great day. I must go with ye."

All entreaties were vain. Mary, tender and gentle though she usually was, was now immovable.

"Then walk by me," Hugh said. And accordingly, by his side, in the very second rank, she took her place, to march on Antrim with the boys. The hearty cheer that greeted Mary when, shouldering her gun, she stepped into her place, magically dispersed the gloom that had lain so weightily over them. Their step was firm, their faces bright, and hearts light—as should have been. Now they heard the birds chanting songs of hope from the hillsides as they went.

## II.

That day was an anxious one in the village of Carnmoney. No one worked; no one cooked meals; people ran from house to house, or wandered restlessly up and down, or gathered in knots to speculate on the chances of the fight. And, constantly, light-footed messengers were running from the village to the top of the near-by height, scanning the far ridge where it was lost among the hills, and running back again to tell there was no sign of the longed-for courier yet.

It was wrong to say that no one worked. Naos O'Gorman's anvil was heard ringing all day. Naos was working steadily, stolidly. He had barely lifted his head since Hugh MacAuley and his friends quitted the village in the early morning. He turned from fire to anvil, industriously hammered out the yielding metal there; from anvil back to fire, thrust in the metal, heaped the coals, and blew the bellows—repeating this interminably.

Towards evening, a youth burst into the forge and cried out with heart-wrung wail, "They're beat! O Mother of God, they're beat!" A convulsion jerked Naos's frame and twisted his features—only momentarily, though. He stooped immediately and picked up in the tongs the shoe that had been shaken from his grasp, thrust it in the fire, and blew the bellows with deliberation. The sound of women's wails breaking the holy calm of Carnmoney reached his ears through the open door, and he heard the hasty voices of many, and the noise of a hundred pairs of feet that on the village street hurried hither and thither.

He was again blowing the bellows when another breathless messenger, flying past, thrust in his head, screamed "The Yeos are ridin' on Carnmoney!" and was gone. At the hearing of the dread intelligence, Naos lazily lifted his eyes, in time only to catch a glimpse of the disappearing messenger. He as lazily dropped his eyes again, and leisurely continued his work, seemingly taking little heed of the terrible excitement whose sounds surged in at the forge door in frequent, fast-flowing waves.

Then came the sound of a galloping steed upon the stony street. "The boys are beat and broken, kilt or scattered to the winds," was cried aloud in piercing voice. "A score of the Yeos are comin' on Carnmoney. The soldiers' colonel can't keep them in hand. When the brutes come here, may God have mercy on yous, people of Carnmoney!—unless the Glenmornan men, who didn't get in time the word to 'Rise,' arrive. I am hurryin' to hasten them. God guard yous!" The clatter of hoofs rang out suddenly and swept onward, the receding sound being quickly drowned in the awful uproar that, for a minute settled, rose again without.

All this time Naos was giving the nice finishing touches and taps to a horseshoe, his alternate blows on shoe and on anvil making stern music. Now and again he raised the shoe, examining it with the careful eye of the true smith who diligently seeks for symmetry. "The Yeos! the Yeos! the Yeos! Naos O'Gorman! There's twenty of them just now ridin' up the brae!"

Tongs and shoe dropped from his hand; he hurried out of the

forge door and into the open door of his father's dwelling, looping the end of his apron in the waist-string as he went. He came out of his father's door again immediately, bearing a gun. His father sprang to hold him; two women ran forward and laid hands on him also; others hurried forward to help these. "Father," he said in a voice that was almost stern, "stand off me. Stand off, Kate. And you, Mrs. MacAluinn."

"Don't, don't!" they said. "Are you mad? You'll be shot like a dog. We'll offer them civility, and claim their mercy."

"Their mercy! The mercy of the yeomen!" Naos laughed a laugh that startled them.

"Like a dog! With God's help I shall shoot some dogs first." With eyes bent on those who opposed him he patted his gun with a fierce fondness. "In this is the only tongue that can beg mercy of the Yeos with chance of success. Stand off me!"

He threw back both arms, cast off the pleading ones, who, now seeing the head of the first yeoman appear over the ridge just beyond the village, fell further back, crouching in fear against the side-walls of the houses. But Naos was on one knee in the centre of the street, with gun against his cheek. Along the barrel ran his glance, taking nice aim at the rising figure—calm and collected as if he knelt to target practice. The distance was short: for the street descended from him abruptly to the long, narrow bridge, and the brae beyond rose steep to the horsemen. He fired, and a yeoman fell. In a short space three others appeared, rapidly rising over the ridge. Their horses were spurred to a gallop. They had their carbines unslung. They stopped on the ridge-line and took aim, all three, at the solitary figure on the village street. Naos was before them: he had reloaded his gun. Another man came down. A girl, here arriving in wild haste down the street, snatched from him his empty gun, and in his hands put a loaded one. Naos shot a hasty glance at the girl. It was Mary MacElhatton—back from Antrim. She proceeded to reload the discharged gun. Two shots whistled in the air off over their heads. Naos took very deliberate aim and fired. A horse reared, turned, collided with its comrade, which suddenly wheeled, dashing its rider to the ground, and fled wildly, followed by its mate. Half-a-score of Yeos now spurred up the ridge, halted, and fired a volley at the man on the village street, now aiming yet again. Naos's aim wavered not. Then his gun spoke, and a saddle was empty. Yet another time he drew trigger, and a yeoman, dropping carbine, clasped wildly the neck of his horse, which reared, wheeled, and shot madly away. When, eventually, the leader, putting spurs to his horse, dashed bravely forward and down the long brae, three, with a cheer, sprang after. Ere they had come thirty yards the leader reeled, his horse stood still; and his comrades, catching hold of their chief, rode back with him over the ridge, behind which all the yeomen now disappeared. When they reappeared there again, a very few minutes later, with larger numbers, a shelter had been thrown up on the village street in front of the blacksmith. He had knelt there, gun on knee, and eye fixed upon the ridge line, indifferent to, or oblivious of its erection. Three pairs of hands were behind the barricade, busily priming and loading, and passing fire-arms to him. More than a dozen in number, the yeomen halted in a mass on the hill-top, shouldered their guns, and swept the street with a volley. Part of it struck the barricade; part flew high above. Three of their number were put out of combat ere, after firing, they dashed forward. A fourth came down ere their horses had taken a dozen bounds. Naos handed to Mary the last empty gun, and grasped a fresh one. But this one dropped from his hand immediately, going off as it struck the ground. Mary MacElhatton looked up, just in time to see Naos, his lips tight shut, his face pale and very, very grim, topple over.

At the very same instant those whose eyes were, with fearful fascination, fixed on the on-rushing terror, beheld the Yeos suddenly pull their animals on their haunches. A deafening roar was raised in their rear, at the top of the street, and then a thundering clatter of feet.

The gallant men of Glenmornan had come!

In a cot in the mountains, several days later, Mary MacElhatton was sitting by the bedside of Naos O'Gorman, whose eye was bright, though his cheek was now colourless. She had a hand upon Naos's head. Hugh MacAuley was standing by the bedside looking down upon Naos gravely.

"The minute I heard you could be seen," Hugh was saying, "I hurried here, for me conscience gave me no rest."

Naos, smiling, said softly, "How is that, Hugh, my friend?"

"That," said Hugh, with indignation in his voice, "I should dared even to think you—you—a coward."

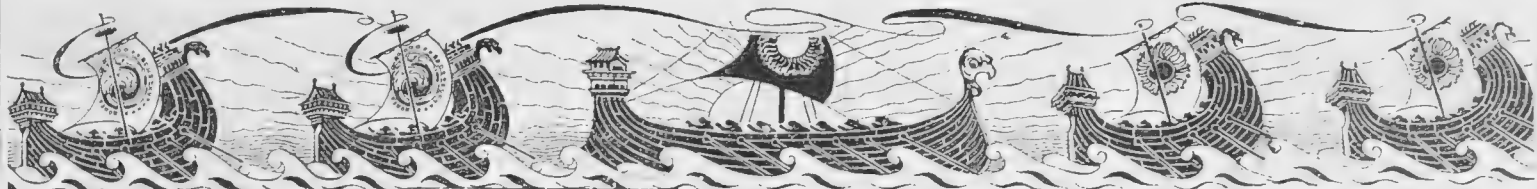
Naos smiled up at him. "You are a man," said Hugh, "a rare man—a man worthy of Mary MacElhatton." Hugh reached a climax. He added, "May the good God bless and prosper ye both!"

Naos extended his hand to Hugh, and he said, "I am only proud of you, Hugh, for what you did. You spoke for your country's sake."

"Yes," said Mary, laying fond hand upon the arm of Hugh. Hugh cast down his eyes and blushed. "Brave Hugh fears nothing in his country's cause," she said. "For your country's sake, you, Naos," turning loving eyes upon him, "have proved yourself a hero."

"A hero, am I, Mary?" queried Naos lovingly, and laying a hand upon her cheek. "If I am that, Mary, my heart, I'm afraid it was for my town's sake."

THE END.



## WORLD'S WHISPERS.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA has a considerable amount of shopping to do at this time of the year, as her Majesty has a very large family circle, upon whom she always bestows Christmas presents, and she will spend several days at Buckingham Palace selecting gifts. The Queen rarely or never visits a shop, but has everything sent to the Palace for her inspection. The goods are then arranged on convenient tables and marked in plain figures, a point upon which



DINIZULU'S LAWYER: MR. EUGENE RENAUD.

Mr. Renaud, who looks after Dinizulu's legal interests, is a barrister of the Middle Temple. The Zulus have given him a name which means "smart young chap."

*Photograph by Bolak.*

her Majesty always insists. When everything is ready for her examination the Queen is informed by one of the attendants, when she proceeds to make her selection. Her Majesty is described as being a very critical purchaser, and is very exacting in her tastes; while she likes to deliberate carefully over each article before deciding to retain it.

### Let Dead Bury Dead.

Although he is still in delicate health, it was quite cheering to hear of Earl Spencer's entertaining again the other day at Althorp. Less than three years ago he was the most-talked-of man in England, for to the last it was commonly believed that he would succeed Mr. Balfour in the Premiership. Just when the highest dignity, next to the Crown, seemed within his grasp; came that tragic touch of illness to tell us that his political life was ended. His fine career has produced many a good story, but there is one that is known only to the few—a story of those great hunts in Ireland with which he used to drive away gnawing care when the would-be assassin was at his heels. In a fast gallop he had outpaced the field, and leapt alone into a lane, to see a funeral procession

slowly coming towards him. Thinking that it might wound the feelings of the mourners to see him hunting, he hid. As the funeral approached the spot hounds burst into the lane. Together, with one consent, the mourners set down the coffin and darted away in pursuit of the hunt, and the Vice-roy was left, unattended, with the body.

### A Judge's Pun.

Mr. Eve, the new Chancery Judge, is one of our leading Chancery "silks," and by accepting a seat on the Bench

makes a considerable financial sacrifice, since it is certain that he is earning a great deal more than the £5000 he will receive as a Judge. He also, of course, surrenders his seat for the Ashburton Division of Devon. Mr. Eve was called to the Bar in 1881, and is to-day regarded as one of our leading authorities upon those subtle points of equity in which the Chancery Courts so greatly delight. He is a good retailer of stories; but though he has been in the House of Commons for the past three years, his voice is rarely or never heard within its walls. Mr. Eve, by the way, was once made a victim of a wicked pun by the late Lord Justice Chitty, a Judge who

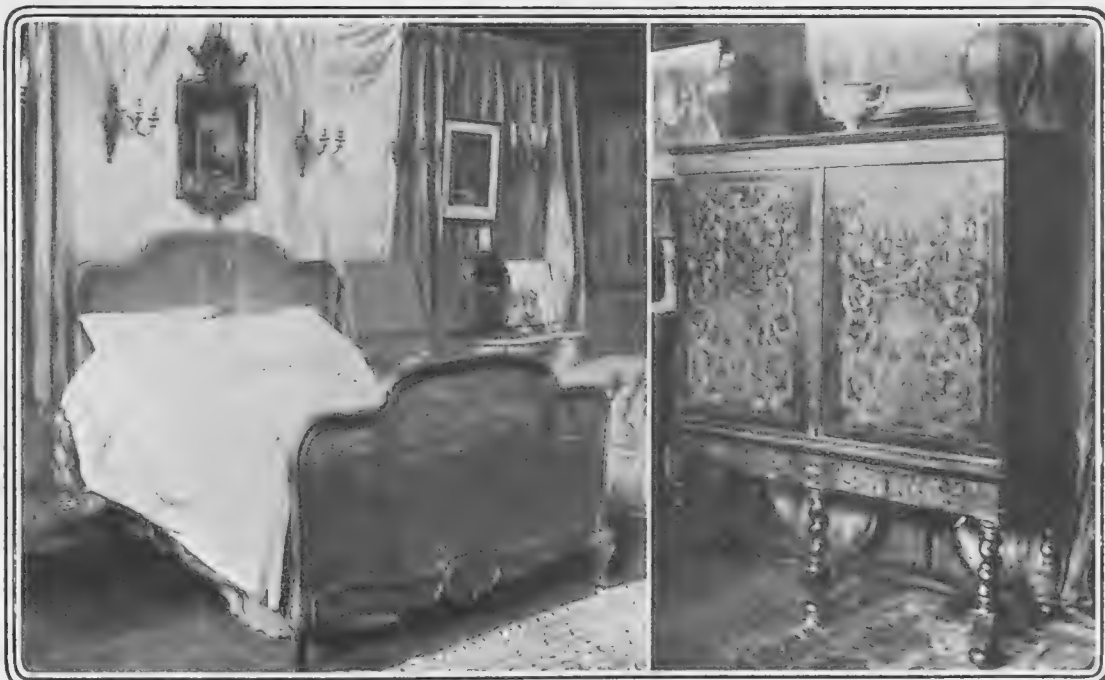
was not often given to this form of humour. A case was being argued in the Court of Appeal, when one of the Judges called for some papers that had been put in, but had somehow got mislaid. Judges and barristers alike hunted for some moments for these, but without success. Then the question arose as to who had been reading them last, and this was brought home to Mr. Eve, who rather doubted the fact. "Oh, yes," said Chitty, L.J., sitting up in his seat: "Eve certainly Adam" (had them).



ANOTHER ROYAL ENGAGEMENT: PRINCE FERDINAND OF BULGARIA AND PRINCESS ELEONORA OF REUSS, WHOSE BETROTHAL IS ANNOUNCED.

Prince Ferdinand, who was elected Prince of Bulgaria, with the title "Ferdinand I.," in 1887, was born in 1861, and married Marie Louise, Princess of Bourbon-Parme, in 1893. He has been a widower since 1899, and has four children living. Princess Eleonora of Reuss (of the younger branch) is a sister of Heinrich XXIV., Prince Reuss-Köstritz, and was born in 1860.

*Photograph by the Topical Press.*



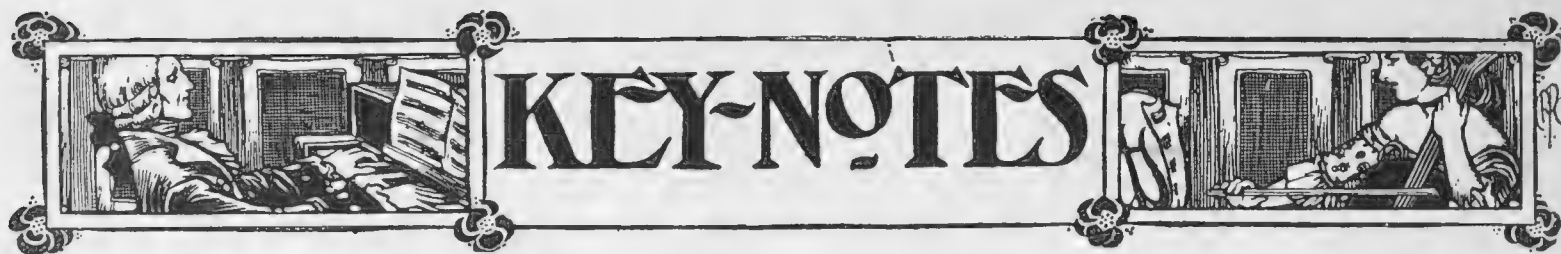
AN EXCEPTIONALLY INTERESTING ITEM IN AN INTERESTING SALE: A LOUIS XV. BEDSTEAD.

A CORNER OF THE SALE-ROOM, SHOWING AN OLD ENGLISH MARQUETERIE CABINET.

LORD AND LADY WARWICK'S FURNITURE UNDER THE HAMMER: "LOTS" AT THE CADOGAN ROOMS.

The Earl and Countess of Warwick sold Warwick House, St. James's, recently, and a three days' auction of the contents of the residence (held last week) was one of the results. Great public interest was taken in the sale.—*(Photograph by the Topical Press.)*





**M.** ZIMBALIST, who made his first public appearance in London last week, is a pupil of the Professor Auer who taught Mischa Elman. He is still in his 'teens, and appears, at first hearing, to be a violinist who is destined to go far, even in these days, when it is becoming more difficult to avoid prodigies than to find them. His taste and feeling are beyond reproach; he draws a very fine quality of tone from his instrument; and it is clear that technical difficulties, if they can be said to exist for him, are destined soon to disappear altogether. It may be said of Zimbalist that when he plays we have no unpleasant suggestions of a prodigy, or of a talent that has been forced like a peach in a hot-house. Achievement seems to have ripened naturally, although the ripening process must have been accomplished in less than the usual time; and Zimbalist's name on a concert programme will be sufficient to guarantee violin-playing of the highest quality.

We have had occasion before in these columns to praise Miss Alice Mandeville, and her latest recital at the Bechstein Hall showed that she progresses steadily. While her voice retains its attractive quality, her treatment of songs tends to become more and more artistic and sympathetic; and as she can range over the music of England, France, Germany, and Italy at will she can give her programme a variety that makes it quite unlike the programme of the average singer. Miss Mandeville endeavours, with a large measure of success, to identify herself with the song she sings: the more strenuous her efforts in this direction, the greater will be her reward, because, as far as can be seen, her natural tendency,

unchecked by training, would lie in the direction of too much restraint.

Mr. Robert Newman's benefit concert at the Queen's Hall last week was well attended, but should have attracted a still larger audience, for Mr. Newman's services to London music cannot be too widely acknowledged. Mr. Wood presided over the Queen's Hall Orchestra, and the programme was a very familiar one, including the C Minor Symphony of Beethoven, a couple of Brahms' dances, and some of the most popular Wagner music in Mr. Wood's repertory. Every item was very well received; perhaps the reception of the "Götterdämmerung" selection was a little in excess of its deserts, for the brass was not on its best behaviour. Of course, the brass is always the unruly section of the orchestra, and it is doubtful whether the

best players in the world can be certain of the mood in which they will find their instruments.

The musical entente between England and the Colonies grows greater year by year. It is announced that Dr. Charles Harriss has invited Dr. Henry Coward and the Sheffield Musical Union to visit Canada next October. He proposes to charter a steam-ship and to leave Glasgow on Oct. 24, returning on Nov. 20 with the two hundred singers who are expected to respond to an invitation which has something of an official character. Dr. Harriss has told the choir that Sir Wilfrid Laurier will welcome them, and when the invitation was accepted intimation to that effect was cabled to Earl Grey, the Governor-General of Canada. The choir is to sing the "Messiah" and "Elijah," two of Bach's motets, and some folk-songs of Mr. Richard Boughton. Yorkshire is so musical, and the Sheffield Musical Union has done such splendid work that every Englishman will feel that the country's reputation is in safe hands.



OFFERED £2000 A YEAR TO SING IN CHURCH:  
MR. ELLISON VAN HOOSE.

Mr. Van Hoose is the best-paid choir-man in the world. He was recently offered £2000 a year to sing two solos each Sunday at Grace Church, New York.

Photograph by Scherer.

At the concert to be given to-morrow night at the Hampstead Conservatoire by Mr. René Ortman's orchestra, the programme includes a new ballad for baritone and orchestra by Hall Graener and Schumann's Second Symphony, one of the composer's most exquisite creations, and one that is heard all too seldom in this country. It is always pleasant to find conductors choosing some novelty for presentation—man cannot live by the Pathetic Symphony and the "Tannhäuser" Overture alone; but it might be suggested to some of the more daring that merit should be considered side by side with novelty, and while so much of Schumann's delightful music remains unplayed, it seems rather a pity to devote great ingenuity to the discovery of work by comparatively unknown men who have done nothing to deserve discovery.

The Thursday Twelve o'Clock Concerts at the Æolian Hall continue to attract large and sympathetic audiences. During this season several interesting and rarely played works have been included in the programme, among them being Schubert's beautiful Octet for strings and wind. Tschaikovsky's Quartet in D stood at the head of last Thursday's programme, and to-morrow's concert will be devoted entirely to Beethoven. His String Quartet in C minor and the Kreutzer Sonata for piano and violin are to be given, Miss Mathilde Verne taking the piano part, while Mme. Beatrice Langley, whose playing has been a very enjoyable feature of these concerts, will play the violin part. Miss Verne and Mme. Beatrice Langley, who started the first series of "Twelve o'Clocks" on their own initiative and at their own risk, are to be congratulated upon the success of a plucky and interesting venture.

COMMON CHORD.



THE NEW RUSSIAN VIOLINIST: M. EFREM ZIMBALIST. M. Efrem Zimbalist, or Zimbalist, as he prefers to be called, *tout court*, is not yet eighteen. He studied under Professor Auer, whose famous pupil, Mischa Elman, is said to be much interested in his latest rival.

tion was a little in excess of its deserts, for the brass was not on its best behaviour. Of course, the brass is always the unruly section of the orchestra, and it is doubtful whether the

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## Christmas in the Shops.

**N**EARER and nearer draws the day of gifts, busier and busier grow those who are to take part in the great festival of goodwill. Heaven help those who are quite outside it! I don't think anybody is, unless there are some Scrooges still about. More and more tempting are the presents displayed for our inspection. Those of us who are lucky enough to be able to make gifts of jewellery will do well to see that of Mappin and Webb, at either of their three great establishments—220, Regent Street; 156, Oxford Street, or 2, Queen Victoria Street—because there the designs are original and beautiful and the work really good. There is no fear that the recipient of a dainty little jewelled gift from there will meet its counterpart on someone else. The firm make up anything to customers' own orders, and if they know in good time, so that work can be proceeded with in slack seasons, the customer is given the benefit of the saving of a quarter the cost in some instances. It is also worth pointing out that the jewelled ornaments made by the firm are finished with the best brilliants, even for the tiniest detail of the design. Save to the expert, this does not appeal at the time of purchase. A year or eighteen months later the difference would be apparent to the most casual observer. The brilliants

would be lustrous and bright and beautiful, while the little corners filled in with rose-diamonds would be heavy and dull. There is a great liking at present for circular ornaments, which are decidedly effective. A lovely one at Mappin and Webb's, studded with fifteen superb brilliants, costs £125; it is really a singularly beautiful affair. Quite a lovely brooch and pendant, in fine brilliants, is £145; and a remarkably effective diamond necklet costs only

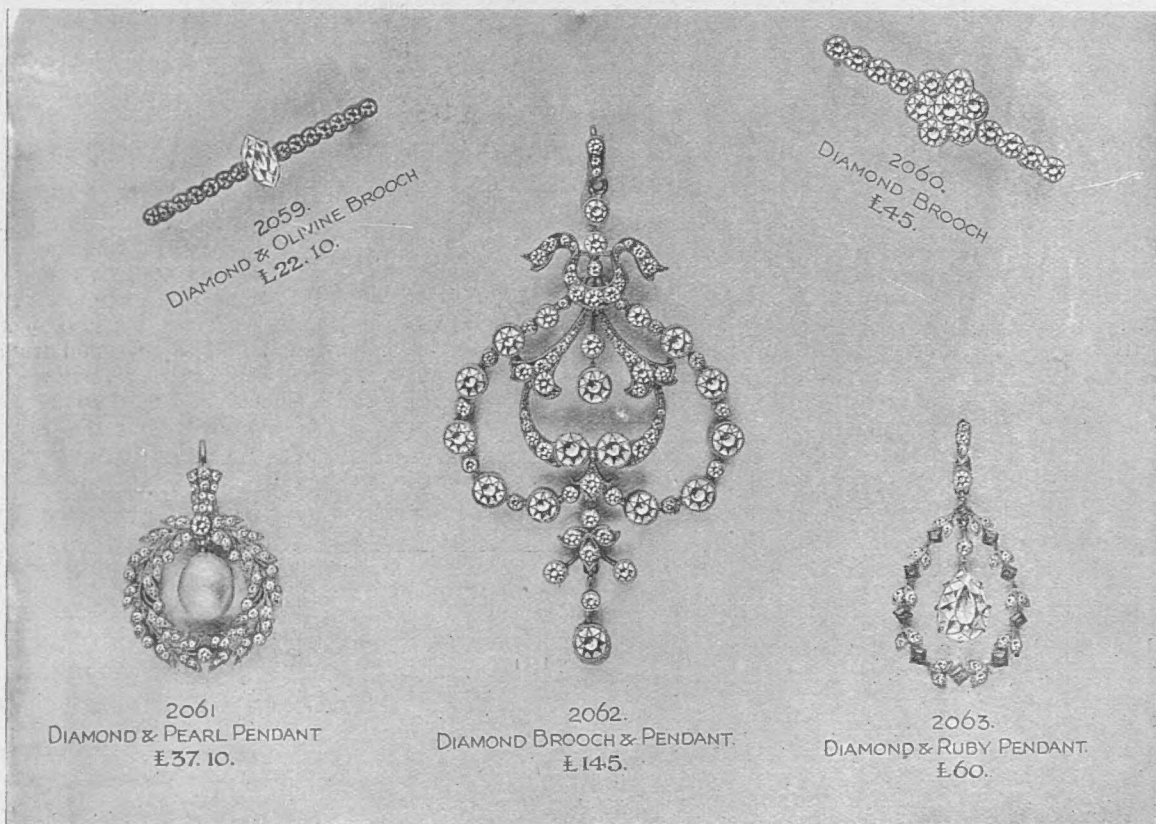
£100. A smaller gift and a charming one is a bar of olivines, with an oblong diamond in the centre, for £22 10s; while a bar of brilliants with a brilliant cluster in the centre is £45. A large and beautiful pearl slung in the centre of a wreath of diamonds in millegraine setting, is a pendant of much distinction, and costs £37 10s.; while one of rubies and diamonds, enclosing a big pear-shaped diamond, is £60. There are other jewelled ornaments, suitable for more general gifts, from a guinea, and even in these quite moderate-priced presents there is originality of design and fine workmanship, as well as excellent value in gems. A peridot-and-amethyst necklet for £5 is a really lovely thing. Peridots are just now in great request, and there are some of great beauty at Mappin and Webb's, where the purchasers of small gifts profit by the large and expert staff of these great establishments, kept constantly designing and setting and making ornaments worth many hundreds of pounds, and also utilising their talent and skill on the smaller things for which the smaller gems are used up, which are in more general demand.

"Leather de luxe" will be the motto of Mark Cross, the leather specialist, whose shop in Regent Street is the home of so much that is lovely in leather-work. Belts are a specialty, and few things are so gratefully received by womankind. There are soft leather belts studded with steel in lovely designs, every stud hand-riveted, so that the wear of the belt is safe. Then there are special buckles—one in monogram form of gold or silver gilt is particularly

popular; and for the information of those who want these pretty things quickly I may say the firm have three hundred combinations of letters ready. The belts are in all colours, the pale lavenders and greens and rose-pinks being of especial charm. A new leather, called Auto-leder, is sure of a favourable reception. It is made up in bags of all kinds, and is black lined with red. It is specially characteristic of motoring. There are compact jewel-cases for men, everything you can possibly think of in leather and silver and ivory for women, and an enormous basement filled with the latest things in trunks and travelling-cases, light and easily reached, where there is room for the display of all the perfections of these useful things.

If there is a present more calculated to fit in with the Christmas spirit of brightness and gaiety than another, it is an "Angelus" piano and player. These are really wonderful things. To all intents and purposes the piano is an ordinary instrument, to be played by hand or remain silent. But one who is in the secret touches a spring, and down falls the front of the keyboard, while a pair of pedals emerge mysteriously from below. A slide is drawn aside in the dark wood front of the case, in goes the roll, and out comes the music. There is a contrivance called the Melodant, by

which the cultured musician interprets as she wishes, and all reflections of mechanism must be withdrawn from the players. The instrument sounds as though it is humanly controlled. Limitations of space do not permit of my telling of a tithe of the delightful hour I spent listening to the musical marvels of the Angelus Hall big organ and piano, and a clever combination of both. The Symphony pipe-organ is a real joy; it brings the command of the organ to



FINE JEWELS FROM MESSRS. MAPPIN AND WEBB'S STOCK.

anyone, and the pleasure that such a command can give needs to be tried to be realised; it is for a music-lover like a gift of expression to a dumb poet.

Society will be very glad to welcome the eau-de-Cologne produced by John Gosnell and Co., who are sponsors for so many delightful preparations for the toilet-table. Their new eau-de-Cologne will make a successful début without doubt, being so reliably vouched for. Water of Cologne made in England is the kind of anomaly to which we Britishers are very partial. It is a refreshing, sweet, and invigorating essence, delightful in the bath.

The camera fiend is becoming the camera friend. We are not taking to our bosoms the first-named, but the camera has improved itself from fiendship to friendship. One of the latest developments that endear it to us is the Goerz-Anschutz folding camera, which is just perfection in compactness, lightness, and reduced weight. It is available either for instantaneous or time-exposure work. It has the very smartest and neatest of instantaneous shutters, consisting of a roller-blind, adjustable from the outside, and working directly in front of the sensitive plate. Different instantaneous exposures are managed by altering the width of the slit. There are many little neat, clever contrivances for the photographer, which are most clearly and lucidly explained in a booklet, that will be sent on application to 6, Holborn Circus. Each of these is for the convenience of the operator. To such a camera as this is due the fact that the amateur picture-taker's life is quite a happy one; to



the excellence of the work it enables him to do may be attributed his welcome by his friends and acquaintances.

Elkington's have a great reputation to keep up for novelty as well as for absolute soundness, therefore a Christmas present from them is largely increased in value to those who know the ropes, because they can absolutely rely upon it being the best in every way. This season the firm have plenty of pretty novelties, which are deservedly commanding a ready sale. A wonderfully convenient thing is an eight-day clock, which folds up in a soft leather case, or opens out and stands firmly on the table. The shape is such that the clock is no more bulky in the pocket than a cigar-case. Then there are boxes, caskets, menu-holders of glass mounted with silver, having the daintiest little black silhouetted pictures between the glass. These are each one different: some have pheasants and hares in covert, others stags on their native heath, others pig-sticking, racing, golfing, all sorts of things. With a white background they are most fascinating, and form fruitful subjects of conversation. The set of menu-holders, each a fresh subject, is especially in favour. A rustic ring-box in chased silver, nearly four inches long—which, with the velvet lining taken out, serves as a hair-pin box—is a delightful present for a few shillings. A tea-strainer that sits firmly on the cup, and is a copy of an old wire strainer on a smaller scale, is sold for half-a-guinea in silver, and for 4s. 6d. in Elkington plate, and is a gift that will be treasured. There are most charming bonbonnières in great variety from 15s. What I greatly admired were the daintiest pot-pourri boxes in silver, with chased and pierced tops, and these, making charming gifts, are from 8s. 6d. up to six guineas, in great variety; but the cheapest are very pretty and good. Concave hair-brushes are presents to please either man or woman. A smart trump-indicator, in these card-playing days, is a favourite present. Soap-dish and shaving-brush and safety razors in a silver box will make a man friend grateful, and keep him so, since it is a lastingly compact convenience; while a pretty combined trinket-box and pincushion is a useful ornament much appreciated by women. Nicely got-up cases containing half-a-dozen buttons in translucent enamel of different colours, set in gold or silver-gilt, and with a fleur-de-lys in silver-gilt in the centre of each, are charming. There is a silver lucky-pig pincushion, which is sure of appreciation. In tortoiseshell inlaid with silver, there are some dear, dainty boxes at a guinea, the prices running up to many pounds, for the work is artistic and the materials are costly. They are lovely things, and just now in special favour, the tops of satinwood specimen tables being of tortoiseshell so inlaid.

There is, in fact, a lovely one of the kind now at Elkington's. Shagreen, prized of our great-grandmothers, is now the desire of our eyes, and, mounted in silver, forms all sorts of cases, boxes, and stands. There is a charming collection of it at Elkington's, mounted with the most admirable taste. In fact, the big, bright galleries of this famous firm teem with interest for the present-seeker.

There is no safer and more welcome compliment than a gift of perfumes at Christmastide; I therefore suggest sending to Messrs. L. T. Piver, the well-known Parisian perfumer's (London office, 9-10, Edward Street, Oxford Street) for particulars of their specialties. Two which are rarely fascinating, each in a characteristic way, are "Vivitz," which is modern to the moment, and

"Pompeia," suggestive of the great ladies of ancient Rome and their perfumed baths and fountains. "Safranor," "Floramyne," "Astris," and "Oreade" are also delightful scents. Bottles of any of these charming perfumes, in dainty cases, will be much esteemed presents wherever they may go.

There are so few nice things that are really good for you that when one is found it should, in the language of Captain Cuttle, be made a note of. Peppermint is of this order of satisfactory discovery. It is a liqueur which is delicious and is of so harmonising a disposition that a diner feels pleased with himself and at peace with all the world when it pre-sides over the process of digestion. It is so good that, as a preventative of Asiatic cholera, it has been proved of great value; also as a curative medicine in this disease. It is necessary, when ordering it, to be sure that it bears the mark "Get Frères." The taste is soft as velvet, and it is in very quaint-shaped bottles.

A sure way to the heart of man is through his digestion. He may resent the theory put thus baldly; be sure, however, that he will favour the practice if it be in form of Fernet Branca bitters, if provided for him in his home. At his clubs and hotels he makes a bee-line for it, and keenly appreciates the delicate attention of its presence on the domestic side-board.

Whether he has it with sherry or gin, or merely with mineral waters, he likes it much, and finds it a pleasant drink, and a good tonic-bitter and digestive. It whips up the digestive organs into energetic and reliable action. In America and on the Continent it has quite a vogue. Bowen and McKechnie, Finsbury, are British agents for it.

If one wants to be a real benefactor to the family circle—your own or someone else's—the way to do it is to absorb them in a new

game. In this, as in other things, it is the point to be up to date. Bangaroo is the latest, and bids fair also to be the latest, for it has great fascination. It is a game of skill played with miniature boomerangs. They are so constructed that they injure nothing which they touch. The boomerang is thrown with the help of a steel projector to the other end of a room, and returns itself to the thrower. The game is to hit some given object; with a little practice great skill in so doing is achieved. Two players aiming at a target can have much interest and amusement competing with each

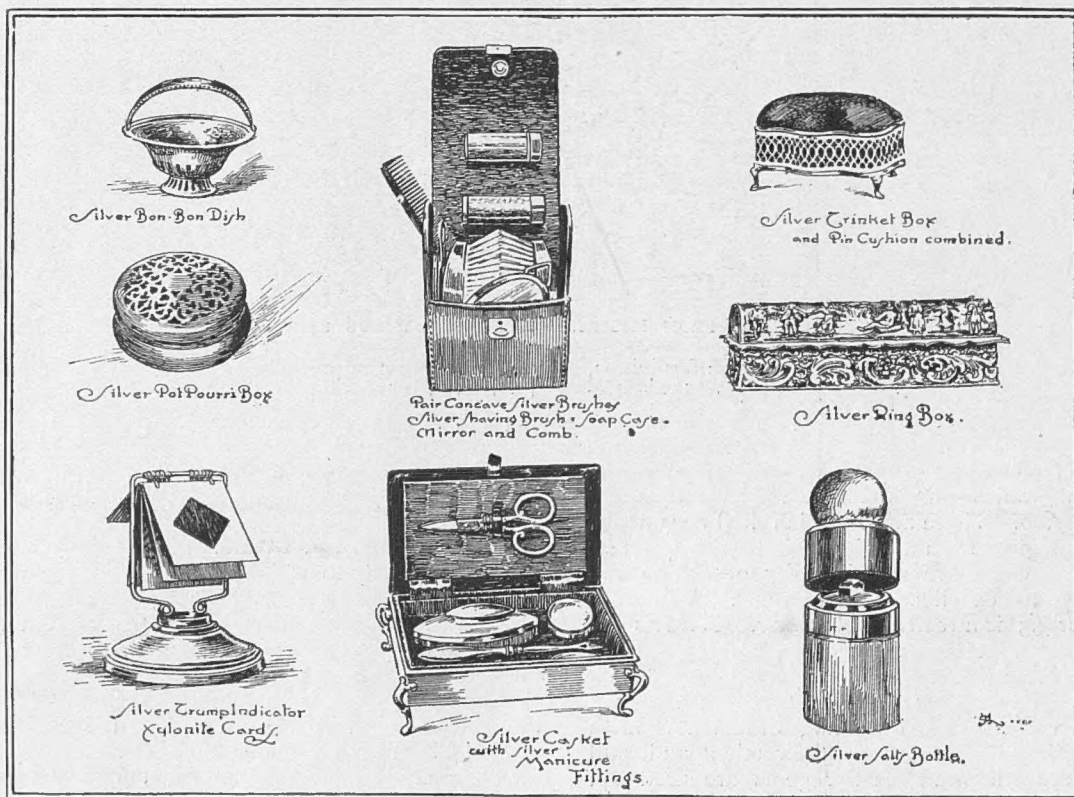
other. It is in two sizes—one for the indoor days, another of larger size for outdoor play. It can be had from the Bangaroo Manufacturing Company, 67A, Park Street, Bristol, and will be an acceptable present at this season.

This is an age of comfort, or, rather, it is an age of luxury, a necessary element of which is comfort. It is ensured in a special



GREUZE'S "MILKMAID," IN THE WALLACE COLLECTION—  
FOR COMPARISON WITH "Mlle. Greuze as a Greuze."

(See page 5 of our Supplement.) Photograph by Mansell



USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL GIFTS AT MESSRS. ELKINGTON'S.



degree by wearing "Wolsey" manufactured underwear. It is English, and is good—two things which greatly endear themselves to British people. The "Wolsey" Underwear Company have huge up-to-date factories in Leicester. Their garments fit perfectly, as the knitting-machines are almost human in action, so capable are they of accurate adjustment. A clever staff of designers and cutters is kept constantly busy, with the result that the company's underwear is in first favour with women and men. It is thoroughly shrunken, by a secret process, and will not shrink in wear or wash. Absolute cleanliness is guaranteed throughout the whole process of manufacture. The drying is done on a scientific principle; the washing—every garment is washed after being made—is machine-done; no hand touches the Wolsey underwear from the time it is sent to the great wash-tubs of the company, after being made, until—clean and sweet and soft and good—it reaches those of its wearer. Everything made is trade-marked with the head of the great Cardinal, who died at Leicester, and whose undergarment gives the name to the big modern factories in that town. An interesting pamphlet about all the processes can be obtained by asking from Leicester.

A sale at Mudie's Library is a thing to visit when one is looking for presents. One is going on now, and so large and varied is the choice, so advantageous the conditions of purchase, that book-lovers and book-givers will be grateful for a hint not to miss it.

Most of us outlive our ideals: one which is perennial in its satisfaction is Waterman's Ideal fountain-pen. It is as much esteemed as a good servant, that being what it really is. It has no pranks or moods, but gives out an even, steady flow of ink. It does not get out of order, and it does not need breaking in, because the nib, iridium-tipped, is just like the steel one loved at its best, and it wears on without wearing out. A very useful present is a Waterman's Ideal fountain-pen; the lowest priced pen is half-a-guinea, but they are made with gold and silver mounts, and also to hang on a woman's *châtelaine*. They are good friends, giving free expression to our best thoughts.

*Sada Yacco in Paris.* The Parisians have not forgotten the thrill they experienced in witnessing the acting of Sada Yacco, the wonderful little Japanese actress. That was seven years ago, in the little theatre in the Rue des Nations, in the great Exhibition. There was something extraordinarily breathless, fascinating, and exhilarating in Sada's realism, in her power of conveying anguish, and of expressing intensity of emotions, translated by acts of the most surprising and, apparently, un-studied sort. Now she is appearing again before the Parisians in the Théâtre Réjane. For the moment Raffles runs upon the roofs of Paris, and plays his burglarious tricks as merrily as ever, but following him each evening comes Sada Yacco, who performs to the astonishment of the modern Lutetians. The actress has been in Paris for some months, as a matter of fact, studying a plan to establish a theatre in Japan on the lines of the Comédie Française. Sada Yacco is the first woman who has broken through the old Japanese prejudices which forbade a member of the gentler sex from appearing upon the stage. Nowadays, it is the Mikado himself who has charged the Sarah Bernhardt of quicksilver Japan to organise a national theatre for Tokio.

*Vive Sardou!* Sardou's latest play, "L'Affaire des Poisons," reminds one of the Dreyfus case with a dash of the adventures of Sherlock Holmes. The Abbé Griffard, impersonated by the incomparable Elder Coquelin, discovers a plot against the King, and gives it away. It is very loyal of him, but not very gallant, as he has to give Mme. de Montespán away in the same breath. There is a spoon-stealing scene which is very effective, and a poison-drinking episode which is very moving, too. Sardou, despite his seventy-six years, still knows how to write a play, and if you let him loose on history, and give him a good costumier, he is warranted to produce five acts on the

very day that it is required. Half-an-hour before that play was wanted, the Grand Old Man of French drama walked into the directorial office of MM. Hertz and Jean Coquelin, carrying a bundle under his arm. It proved to be the manuscript, down to the last full-stop. There is no limit to the energy of Sardou; he works ceaselessly, and spares no trouble to coach his actors. When they do not play it right in rehearsal, he jumps on the stage and shows them how. He is the terror of sleepy managers, as he likes to get to work at eight o'clock, when they are still in the land of dreams, or are only just beginning their *café-au-lait*.

Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, who is so close a friend as well as a cousin of our King, is just engaged to Princess Eleonora of Reuss. That royal lady will be an ideal step-mother to the Prince's children, for she has known her fiancé a long time, and was a favourite younger friend of his late mother, Princess Clémentine of Saxe-Coburg-Koharz. Princess Eleonora will be, to all intents and purposes, Queen of Bulgaria, and the marriage is being eagerly looked forward to by the inhabitants of Sofia, who were much attached to her predecessor, whose death took place eight years ago.

The annual festival dinner of the Furniture Trades' Provident and Benevolent Association took place the other day in the King's Hall, Holborn Restaurant, with Mr. S. J. Waring, president of the society, in the chair. The function was a great success, and the chairman's health was drunk with much heartiness.

Many will be interested in a book just published by Messrs. Baillière, Tindall, and Cox, of 8, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. The work is entitled "Nature's Hygiene and Sanitary Chemistry; Containing also a Special Account of the Chemical and Hygienic Characters of Eucalyptus, Pine, and Camphor Forests, and Some Industries Connected Therewith." It is by Mr. T. C. Kingzett, F.I.C., F.C.S., past Vice-President of the Society of Public Analysts, and an honorary member of the Société Française d'Hygiène. The fact that the work is now in its fifth edition says much for its popularity. In a note that is necessarily short it is impossible to give an idea of the author's scope, but it may be said that he deals with such subjects as: The Relations of Chemistry to Sanitary Science; Chemistry and Hygiene of the Atmosphere; Chemistry of Water; Water Supply: Its Contamination and Purification; Sanitary Bearings of Eucalyptus, Pine, and Camphor Forests; Hygienic Utility of Perfumes; Natural Production and Oxidisation of Essential Oils: the Products and their Properties; and Industries Connected with Eucalyptus, Pine, and Camphor Forests.

With so much rain in the air, there must be many interested in such a rain-proof cloth as the "Omne tempus," the sole and exclusive property of Messrs. Samuel Brothers, Limited, of 65 and 67, Ludgate Hill. A great point about the cloth is that it looks like an ordinary overcoat, and it keeps out the rain without keeping in the heat. Messrs. Samuel Brothers are so confident of the perfection of the material that they offer to take back any coat that should let in water. The "Omne tempus" raincoat is made at prices varying from 45s.

The growing use of mustard in the bath-tub is a modern adaptation of the principle that mustard is one of the most valuable external stimulants. To those who have not tried it the result is really surprising. Take a tablespoonful of best mustard (Colman's for choice). Add to the bath when filled. The water will be found to be of a slight yellow-green colour, and absolutely free from any stinging or smarting sensation. In fact, it has a soft, velvety feeling, almost like milk, but with a glowing warmth that is appreciated by the most delicate skin. Under its influence sore and stiff joints become limber and elastic, and the whole body experiences a sense of exhilaration that is scarcely credible.



WINTER TRAVEL IN PERFECTION ON THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

The illustration gives some idea of the elaborate fittings of the Great Northern Railway's magnificent expresses, which are well termed "luxurious hotels on wheels." Travelling in winter loses its terrors amid such surroundings.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on Dec. 27.*

## OF THINGS IN GENERAL.

THE spasmodic efforts to galvanise the markets into life which are being made from time to time are so self-evidently futile that no one takes serious notice of them. It is a time for investors and not speculators; but, then, the Stock Exchange cannot live on investors alone, don't you know!

For the present we must resign ourselves to a 7 per cent. Bank rate, with all the inconveniences which follow such an abnormal state of affairs. The Yankee demand for gold is not over, Argentina is wanting the metal, and it is quite clear that there will be but little amelioration of the present conditions until the New Year.

What the crisis in the United States can have to do with the price of De Beers or Premier Diamond shares is not at first sight apparent, but the pronounced weakness in this market has been most noticeable. The explanation seems to be that for years more than half the world's output of diamonds has gone to the United States, and that in the trade it is thought that the demand from across the Atlantic must be seriously curtailed by what has happened; at any rate the selling has undoubtedly come from Hatton Garden. The Amsterdam position is also none too satisfactory, and has helped in the fall.

## OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"Christmassy? Oh yes; you bet. There's everything to make one feel like that, isn't there?"

The speaker elevated his left shoulder and swung round upon his right heel.

"What's he been saying to you, old man?" a friend soothingly asked him.

"Wants to know if I feel Christmassy," replied the other, with indignation vibrant in his tone. "Suppose he takes me for a bear of every mortal thing since the New Year, or something."

"Better times in the next New Year," his friend rejoined. "We always say it; it never comes true—but there you are. Human nature is bullish to the core."

Our Stroller ventured to observe that the Stock Exchange did not seem very bullish.

"My friend," replied the stranger, "I spoke of human nature—not the Stock Exchange. There's a vast difference."

"We won't dive into subtleties just now, thanks. But I'm blessed if I know what to be bullish about."

"Americans," suggested another.

"Americans!" cried the first speaker, with intense scorn this

time. "They've got a long lane to plough before there's any good recovery there."

"Is it quite the usual thing to plough a lane?"

"Ask your chauffeur, my boy. Americans are to go lower."

"Oh well, then, it's no use my standing here," laughed an onlooker. "I have a limit to sell twenty Canadas a dollar higher, and I've only been waiting for some decent excuse to clear off."

The little group turned away.

"Do you happen to know Trunks?" a man asked Our Stroller.

"I'm afraid I don't," our friend replied. "I know very few men here."

The other looked at him for a second, suddenly blurted out a word of thanks, and walked rapidly away, his shoulders shaking very suspiciously.

"By Jupiter!" soliloquised Our Stroller; "he must have meant Grand Trunks, and I— Oh, good heavens!"

He walked slowly down the Street, anchoring close to a small market nearly opposite Slater's. They were dealing in Tintos and Anacondas.

"Heard Yankees lately?" a jobber eagerly inquired of him.

"Dullish, for choice," responded our friend. He had heard the expression used in answer to a similar question ten minutes earlier in Shorter's Court.

"Thanks. We're off colour here a bit. They tell me that Copper's going lower," he added confidentially.

"Most of the metals are weak, aren't they? I hear that lead—"

"Lead has given Broken Hill shares the absolute knock," was the emphatic rejoinder. "They tell me that some of the mines have got to close down unless lead picks up again."

"What are the chances of that?"

"Can't say. The lead market, I'm told, is at the mercy of a handful of gamblers who can do what they like with the price."

"It's jolly hard cheddar for those poor beggars who've bought Broken Hill shares as speculative investments," Our Stroller protested.

The jobber made a deprecating gesture with his hands. "Copper's my pet trouble," he complained.

"You're a bull?"

"Got caught," the other admitted. "I believe it's right to cut my loss now, but I haven't the heart to do it. Off? Night-night."

Slightly further eastward, Our Stroller overheard three men earnestly discussing something, and he moved along to see what was the matter.

"They have fallen from 30 to 16, you know," urged the first man.

"And there's a bear account," added the second.

"And they'll go to 10," the third concluded. "As sure as my name is—"

"Well known to the police?"

[Continued on page XII.]

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